

THE TOWN OF
ANGELUS, MICHIGAN
J. J. John
K. J. John
K. J. John

10 JU, 1871

James Grant

The Renowned

ARGALUS *and* PARTHENIA.



SEE the fond Youth ! he Burns, he Loves, he Dyes,
He Wishes as he Pines, and feeds his famish'd Eyes.
Parthenia makes Returns of equal Fire,
And Burns as well as he, with warm Desire.
Thus, to the distant Pole the Needle Turns,
And Trembles as it Loves, and there for ever Burns.
Not all the blacker Ills that Lovers fear,
Cou'd part the Happy, yet Unhappy Pair :
Not Parents Jealousy, nor all the Rival Woes,
Which a young Lover feels, and which he only knows.
Their wondrous Loves the following Sheets convey,
Let others learn to Love as constantly as they.

K. Honey (See P.)
The Unfortunate Lovers :

THE
HISTORY
OF
ARGALUS
AND
PARTHENIA.

In Four Books.

Adorn'd with Cuts.

The Fourth Edition.

L O N D O N : Printed by Tho. Norris, at the
Looking-Glass on London Bridge.

John 1750

John Kirby
1753

Richardson
James Street
Guy's Cliffe
Bathwick
near John

BRITISH
MUSEUM

John Kirby
1753

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R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

I Need not tell thee how universally the History of Argalus and Parthenia has obtain'd in the World; the many Impressions that have been done of it in Verse, sufficiently evince it. Nor cou'd any thing less be expected from the Product of so celebrated an Author, as the Immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whose Original Thought it was. Mr. Quarles having only transplanted it out of the Arcadian Plains into the Garden of the Muses; where, tho' it has flourished very well, yet I doubt not but it will thrive

A. 2.

To the Reader.

thrive much better in its Original Soil. And how much soever a Poetical Version may please some Readers, I doubt not but its native Garb will become it much better: Which at the Desire of some Persons (whose Judgments I could not mistrust, and whose Importunity I could not deny) I have here attempted: But how well I have perform'd it, I must leave to the Judgment of the Impartial Reader.

As to the History it self, it is extreamly Pleasant and Entertaining; and furnishes the Reader with so many passionate Declamations upon several (I may say all) Occasions, that it may well be stil'd, The Lover's Common Place-Book, where they may find something suitable to their Purpose upon all Occasions. As for Instance, Is any one restless under the Wounds he has receiv'd by Cupid's Arrows, and knows not how to move in order to a Cure? Let him see what Demagoras says upon that Topick: Wou'd he try the Power of his Rhetorick to his fair Mistress? Let him Read Demagoras his Address to Parthenia. Wou'd a young Lady be instructed how to give a cold Entertainment to an unwelcome and importunate Lover? Let her peruse Parthenia's Answer to Demagoras his Unwelcome Courtship. Or, are there there any cross'd in their Love by their Parents, who had rather marry them to
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To the Reader.

one that's Wealthy, than to one they Love? Here they may see the dire Contrivances of such old Bedlams to obtain their Ends, and make their Children Miserable: And how, with fair Parthenia, to dissuade them from their intended wicked Purposes. Or, would you see what an Exchange of Hearts true Love does make betwixt two constant Lovers, and what a Sympathy there is between 'em? and how they are the same in all Events? Read but what pass'd between Parthenia and her dearest Argalus, and you may there behold the Mirror of unspotted Love, and of unshaken Constancy. In short, the various Passions of the Soul, under the strangest and most surprizing Accidents, are here express'd in the most soft and melting Accounts. So that it is impossible for one to read it, and not to make himself a Party. But I will not insist on these things, lest I should make the Portal bigger than the Building. And will therefore, without anticipating the Readers Expectations any farther, conclude my Epistle, with wishing he may find as much Contentment in the Reading, as I did in the Writing of this Pleasant and Delightful History. And so

Farewel.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
Argalus and Parthenia.

The First Book.

CHAP. I.

Parthenia and Demagoras describ'd. He sees her, and falls in Love with her, and makes his Passion known to her. Parthenia's Answer.



IN Greece, which was once the great Theatre of Arms and Arts, there is no Province more beholden to Nature for the Fertility of the Soil, and the Pleasantness of the Air, than the Province of Ar-

cadia, whose flow'ry Plains produc'd those rich and weighty Fleeces, which were the Boast of the *Arcadian* Shepherds: So that no Country was more fit for Grazing and for Pasturage, as all our Cosmographists do inform us. Nor was it more fam'd for the Sweetness of its Air, and other Benefits of Nature, with which it was so plentifully stor'd, than for the well temper'd Mind of its Inhabitants, who finding the shining Title of Glory, which is so eagerly thirsted after by other Nations, does yet contribute but little to the Happiness of Life: did, by their Justice and Moderation, give no Temptations to their Neighbours to disturb them, being not Ambitions of the Goods and Fortunes of others, but rested contented with their own Acquisitions, using no other Means but Industry and Frugality to support and maintain their own Patrimonies: And even the Muses themselves seem'd to approve of their Conduct, and therefore chose this Country for the Place of their Residence, diffusing so large a Share of their Perfections amongst 'em. that even the very Shepherds have been fam'd to their sublime Composures, whose high Flights of Fancy have exceeded whatever has been done by those who have had the greatest Vogue for Learning in other Countries. But nothing gave *Arcadia* a greater Renown, than that it was the Native Country, of the fair *Parthenia*; a Lady so

fair,

fair, that Fairness took its Name from her, and only was accounted such, as far as it resembled her, for nothing could be fairer; and yet that which surmounted all, and made her Fairness much the fairer, was, That all that dazzling Beauty she was Mistress of, and all those outward Graces that adorn'd her, was only the fair Index of her fairer Mind; whose Wisdom, as well as Wit and piercing Judgments, shew'd it self on all Occasions: For tho' she was witty, yet her Wit delighted more to judge it self, than to shew it, self; her Speech was but little, yet when she spoke, nothing cou'd be more to the Purpose; and her Silence was always without Sullenness; as was her Modesty without Affectation. But, alas! should I go about to Emblazon all *Parthenia's* peerless Perfections, I should bring my self into such a Labyrinth, that I should not know how to extricate my self; so fast each several Beauty wou'd be crowding in upon to be first delineated: Let it suffice to say, That in her Face Love sat enthron'd with Majesty and Sweetness, and thence set forth such glorious and surprising Rays, as made her justly esteem'd the Wonder of the Age she liv'd in; and made all think, that in so fine a Composition, Nature must have exhaust'd all her Treasures. In fine, she was the very Model of Heaven, the Triumph of Nature, and the Soul of Beauty; in whom all the Graces, as
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The Renowned History of

in their proper Center, kept their Residence: And after all that I have said, she was far more than I can say of her.

Parthenia being all, and more than I have said, you will not wonder that her Fame was spread, not only thorow all *Arcadia*, but even as far as Fame's wide-mouth'd Trumpet cou'd proclaim it. And in the *Arcadian* Plains, no Shepherd made a Song, but fair *Parthenia* was the Burden of it. And well it might be so, for she indeed was such a Subject as was able to inspire the dullest Muse. And sure it was impossible to see her, and not love her; so much did she attack the Eyes and Hearts of all Beholders.

The Fame of *Parthenia's* Beauty reach'd among others, a *Laconian* Lord; who, tho' a Borderer on *Arcadia*, and nothing in him of the Genius of that happy People; nor any thing to recommend him, but his Power and Riches, which, in the Eyes of some, perhaps, might gild o'er other Imperfections. He was of Nature proud and haughty, stern and cruel, and resolutely bent upon his own Will, which he wou'd do any thing, tho' never so unjust to obtain. His Stature somewhat tall, but his Body spare and wan; thick shoulder'd, hollow cheek'd, his Visage thin and meager; his Countenance ghastly, and his Face swarthy, and his whole Body of a rawny Comp'ection. His rouling Eyes sunk deeply in his head, and by the horrid Fire that

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issu'd from 'em, shew'd the fierce Nature of the Owner of 'em; who certainly was the Reverse of all that might be termed Good, extenuating still what others did, because it was not in his Power to do it; for this was still his Property, to be maligning all Men's Actions, that thereby he might magnify his own. For being destitute himself of all that's good, he would have had all others seem'd so too, that so he might be thought the better. But as himself was one that hated all Men, so his Conditions were belov'd of none. Such was *Demagoras*, for so this Lord was call'd; whose Name we shall have cause to mention often in our History.

The Fame of fair *Parthenia*'s Beauty (that as I said had reach'd the Ears of this *Laconian* Lord) unseen, had made such an Impression in his Heart, that he resolv'd to have a Sight of her, and see whether or no Report had done her Justice; which if he found it had, he was resolv'd to make his Love to her; not doubting but his Wealth and Greatness (for he had nothing else to do it) wou'd sufficiently recommend him to her Favour, or at least to that of her Mother's, whom, he doubted not she wou'd obey, (for the Fame of her Vertue was equal to that of her Beauty) and she, *Demagoras* knew, was more ready to be taken with those Blandishments.

With these Resolves and Hopes, *Demagoras* goes to see *Parthenia*; and was, at the first
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sight of her, both confounded and surpriz'd ! What he had seen, so far out-did whatever he had heard, he seem'd like one struck with a Thunder-bolt, the glaring Beams of so much Beauty overcame him; and made him curse the time that caus'd him to adventure upon a Sight so fatal; and struck him with an Awe he never before had been acquainted with. Which made him thus begin to reason with himself.

Ah foolish and accurs'd *Demagoras*! how dearly art thou like to pay for thy vain Curiosity ! How has one Look undone thee ! O never, never, never to be cur'd ! Say, I have done amiss, what then ? Has Heaven no easier Plagues than this to punish me withal ? If I have stolen Fire from Heaven, so did *Prometheus* too; and yet his Punishment to mine's a Pleasure : Why, since our Faults be so alike, shou'd we be punish'd so unequally ? Where's now your Justice, ye Superiour Powers, so differently to punish the same Crime ? Either be just, or else resign your Power. Why do you lead such Angels down from Heaven, to make poor Mortals gaze and be undone ! Or, if she be from Earth, why i'nt she wounded too, and made to feel Love's Power, as well as I ? But ah ! in vain do I implore your Aid, who are the highest Agents in my Pain. Alas ! 'tis vain for me to ask your Help; for only she that made the Wound can cure it. 'Tis you, Di-

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vine *Parthenia*, you only can apply that Sovereign Balsam that can give me Ease. O that your wounding Eyes had had less Power, or that I never had seen 'em! For when I first beheld 'em, I read the History of my Ruin there. Ruin that's unavoidable; for neither Heaven nor Hell can salve my Sores. No, no, 'tis only fair *Parthenia's* Hand that can apply that Plaister. But why, why do I thus Exulcerate my Distemper? Can there be Ease in adding to my Torments? Or in *Parthenia's* Cruelty enough, but I must bring fresh Torment of my own? Then rouse thy self, *Demagoras*; and for Shame do not debase thy self below Humanity; but hearken to the Advice that Reason gives. Abandon not thy self to black Despair; remember 'tis a Woman that has wounded thee; and from a Woman thou may'st hope for Cure; especially from such a One as the Divine *Parthenia*, in whom there's nothing looks like Cruelty. Besides, since Woman first of all was made for Man, and since *Parthenia* is a Woman, how canst thou tell she is not made for thee? 'Tis true, she has an Angel's Shape, and Heaven it self sits smiling on her Brow; yet she's a Woman still, and Flesh and Blood as well as thou thy self art: And who can tell but that her Heart may burn as well as thine, and burn for thee too. Up then, *Demagoras*; and let *Parthenia* know the Strength of her own Beauty in the Greatness of thy Pas-

Passion: Move forward then, and let her know how fierce the Fire of Love burns in thy Breast, before it quite consume thee:

*Thy Work's half perfected, when once begun:
She's but a Woman, therefore may be won.*

Demagoras having thus argued himself into a Resolution of making his Passion known to *Parthenia*, he made his present Uneasiness thereby somewhat the more easy. Resolving (tho' but newly lifted under *Cupid's* Banner) not to fly before he had fac'd his Enemy; nor to sink under the greatness of the Wound he had receiv'd, whilst there was any Probability or Hopes of Cure.* And therefore to the House of *Parthenia's* Mother, (to whom his Quality gave him a free Access) he soon found an Opportunity to make his Addresses to the Divine *Parthenia*. Which he did in the following manner, as he found her walking all alone in the Garden:

Fairest of Creatures!

If my rude Tongue in its Endeavours to make known my Passion, should too much impose upon your Goodness, and do your Patience wrong, it is your Beauty you must only blame. It was those Eyes, those tempting Eyes of yours, that forc'd my Tongue to speak; which if it shou'd not do, my Heart must burst: and therefore 'tis that from your Hand alone I seek that Cure which none but you can give. To you alone I therefore sue

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for Help, which if you grant me not, I must despair. Then crown my Joys, thou Source of all my Hopes, and be as merciful as thou art fair. Nature, the Bounty of whose liberal Hand made thee the Jewel of *Arcadia*, intended in so rare a Master-piece, to boast a Jewel that should never be hid; for Jewels hid are only Jewels lost. Shine then, and rob not Nature of her Due; but as she has honoured you so honour her: And let not her chief Glory be immur'd in the nice Casket of a Maiden-head. With-hold not what thou should'st communicate; she lives in vain that leads a single Life. Give me thy Heart then, and for that rich Gift, lest thou should'st want a Heart, I'll give thee mine; a Heart that's with true Love as richly fraught, as thine with Virtue, or thine Eyes with Beauty. Frown not, *Parthenia*, nor let that fair Brow Heaven made so smooth, one Wrinkle now discover: But let the brighter Sun-shine of thine Eyes encourage thy Adorer with one smile: One amorous Glance wou'd calm my troubled Soul. Speak, dear *Parthenia*, and pronounce my Doom; disclose those ruby Lips, and grant my Suit; or, if thy doubtful Mind be unresolved, let me interpret Silence for Consent. Nor do I ask thy Love as one insolvent, or undeserving of so great a Favour. Let not the humble Posture that I seem in, cause thee to have a less Esteem of me, than what my real Worth does truly

me.

Merit: My Thoughts indeed descend below themselves, to let *Parthenia* see how much I love for: For Queens have used to him who Courts your Favour; nay, more, the greatest Beauties of all *Greece* have oft contended who should have Honour of being Wife to me, the Great *Demagoras*. But what they fought in vain for, here I offer, and freely lay at fair *Parthenia's* Feet:

*Speak then, my Love, and let thy mind make known
That I am either thine, or not my own.*

This Speech of the *Laconian* Lord was no more grateful to *Parthenia's* Ears, than a Ravens Croakings, or the Screech-owls Voice; no wonder then it made the Lillies of her Face withdraw, and gave the Roses an Ascendant there. Her Blushes shew'd how much she was surpriz'd, and with what Coldness 'twas that she receiv'd *Demagoras* his unexpected Courtship. But fearing he should take her Silence to be a tacit yielding to his Suit, she thought it proper to make some Reply. And therefore, breaking her long-kept angry Silence, thus she spake:

My Lord,

Altho' your Oratory's great, it never can make me Conscious of that Worth, to which, with so much Rhetorick, you pretend to pay so great a Deference. For should I think what you have said were true, you well might

might think me as foolish, as you call me fair. Nor is't worth while, Sir, to vye Courtship with me, for that's a thing I never had any Skill in. I am too young, too ignorant to play at any Game where Hearts are set at Stake. Besides, the Loss must sure be very great, where such as win can hardly save themselves. You crave my Heart, my Lord; but if you were acquainted with it half so well as I am, your Lordship wou'd esteem it not worth having. For my poor Heart, alas! is much too small to fill the Concave of so large a Beast, whose Thoughts can scorn the amorous Desires of Love-sick Queens, and can requite the fair, tho' factious Suits of Ladies with Disdain. Stoop not so low beneath your worthy Self, as oncc to think upon *Parthenia*. Let not so poor a Name stain your fair Lips, whose Merits claim a transcendant Fortune. Call down *Jove's* winged Pursuivant above, and give his Tongue your far more powerful Rhetorick, that so he may enchant some easy Goddess in your high Name to treat about a Marriage besitting so sublime a Mind as yours; and fill the fruitful Earth with Heroes, sprung from so great, from so divine a Birth, which poor *Parthenia's* Heart could never aspire to. Her home-bred Thoughts durst never yet desire so fond an Honour, nor had so much Pride to hope for what had been deny'd to Queens. Tehrefore, my Lord, be Wise as you are Great, and never sue for what's

what's so much below you : Advance your noble Thoughts to their full Height, and scorn to stoop unto a Lure so low : Be more your own, and then you'll less be mine.

C H A P. II.

Demagoras being troubled at Parthenia's Answer, attempts to kill himself : But considering better, sollicitis Parthenia's Mother to be his Advocate : To which she agrees. Her Speech to Parthenia, and her Reply.

D*Emagoras*, perceiving how sharply *Parthenia* had turn'd back his Thrafonical Boasts upon him, &c. look'd like a guilty Prisoner on whom offended Justice had late pass'd her Doom; who standing trembling by, and being hopeless to prevail, begs not for Mercy at the Judge's Hands, but drags his Irons to the loathsome Jail, and there sends for his Friends, to see if by a quick Reprieve, a few Days more may yet be added to the Wretch's Life. Just so it was with our *Demagoras*, whose fresh wounded Heart had lately felt the unexpected Burthen of *Parthenia's* Doom; which so confounded him, he neither could reply, nor take his leave; but most abruptly goes out of her Presence, and leaves her in the Garden all alone; she being better pleas'd to enjoy that Solitude, than to be troubl'd with his Company. Whilst he, in the mean time, resolves in his own Breast

Breast a thousand Ways by which he might obtain *Parthenia's* Love, but cou'd approve of none. He found his own Accomplishments were insufficient to make her meet him with an equal Flame; and that what he thought the most powerful Argument, she slighted most, which was his Wealth and Greatness. But recollecting, that *Parthenia* was also Virtuous as well as Fair, and that she to her Mother always paid so great and so profound a Reverence, that if he cou'd engage her on his side, her Power over *Parthenia* employ'd on his behalf, wou'd quickly make her his: Besides, he knew those things on which he valu'd himself most, and which *Parthenia* made no Account of, wou'd most of all prevail upon her Mother, on whom the Wealth and Grandeur of the World had far greater Influence. But whilst his raving Mind was wandring thus, his fierce misguided Passion drove his Steps to a near neighb'ring Grove, in which, grown mad to think how he'd been disappointed, he in his trembling Hands takes a Steelette, which while he grip'd like a distracted Person, a Milk-white Froth had cover'd o'er his Lips, and his fierce Eyes darted out Flames of Fire; whilst sometimes cursing Heaven, Himself, the Times, and sometimes railing at the proud *Parthenia*; he raves, despairs, and from hated Head rends off th' intangled Hairs; curses the Womb that bare him, bans the Fates, and, drunk with
Spleen

Spoken, thus gives his Passion vent :

Why didst thou not, *Demagoras*, seeing Death has kindly put a Weapon in thy Hand, which with one stab will put an end to thy Unhappiness! Oh! can the whining Breath of Discontent and Passion send Relief to thy distracted Soul? Why would thou not the Gods in thy Behalf? Or why, much rather, dost not contemn and scorn their Power, and die! But stay, *Demagoras*, whom dost thou complain of? 'Tis but a Woman; let her frown her Heart out; and shall a Woman's Frowns have Power to grieve thee? Or, can her wanton Smiles give thee Relief? Oh! let it not be said a Woman's Eyes can make the stout *Demagoras* offer Violence to his beloved Self, and leave his Name to be enrolled hereafter i'th' Kalendar of Fools. Rouze up for Shame; call back thy wasted Spirits, when thy Spleen's sharp, and live to be revenged. Let her that would not give thy Love Acceptance, drink of the bitter Portion of thy Hate: Stir then the Sink of all thy Passion up; and where thou can'st not gain her by fairer Language, like *Tarquan*, overcome her by Constraint. And——

But here, recollecting himself, and the Violence of his Rage being almost spent, he stops himself in his Career, and assuming his late Thoughts about *Parthenia's* Mother, resolves on safer and more moderate Counsels; and thus Expostulates the Matter with himself

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Thou art too rash *Demagoras* : Hold thy Hand, abandon not thy self thus to Despair. Art gives Advantage oft, where Force can't help; therefore suspend thy Fury. Thou hast as yet receiv'd but one denial; nor hast thou yet try'd any Means, besides revealing of thy Passion to her. *Parthenia's* Mother may receive thee kindly, and who knows but thou may'st make her thy Friend? 'Tis only Diamonds that Diamonds cut. Then use thy Skill to bring her to thy side : Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory; tell her how truly great thy Passion is. Extol *Parthenia's* Beauty to the Clouds, and shew how great a Defence thou payest to her Illustrious and Matchless Vertues : Tell her, 'tis that chiefly overcame thee; 'twas that that gave thy Heart its fatal Wound. Then see that with thy Words thou minglest Sighs; and if thou drop'st some Tears 'twill be the better. Make Vows of Love, and of Eternal Service; and tho' thou art forsworn, yet still swear on. And if thou'rt at a Loss for want of Words, tell her thy Passion for *Parthenia's*; such, that thou wants Words to utter it; and 'tis thy Love for her benumbs thy Heart. Or, if on the other hand thou speak'st too much, that must be attributed to *Parthenia*; and 'twas Excess of Love that made thee speak so: But whilst thou dost advance *Parthenia's* Vertues, be sure to celebrate her Mother's Praise; and make the Education

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She has given her, contribute not a little towards it, for which commend her Wisdom and her Prudence; for Women care not to hear others Praises, unless themselves may have a share on't too. When thus thou hast prepar'd her meeting Ear to soft Attention, in the close of all, prefer thy sad Petition, and humbly pray she'd favour the sad State of a distressed Lover; since a Mother's Word may prevail more than all thy Sighs and Tears.

Thus did *Demagoras* lay the Scene of his intended Mischief; and being thus resolved, was restless, till what he had thus projected was put in Execution. Withdrawing himself therefore from the Grove, to which his frantick Rage had carried him, he makes hast to the Summer-Palace, where *Parthenia's* Mother did at that time reside; and boldly entring, does desire to speak with her. His Quality, well known to all her Servants, soon gain'd him an Admittance to their Lady, to whom *Demagoras* was not unknown: And being, after mutual Salutation, desir'd to seat himself, he thus begins to break the Ice of his dissembled Grief.

Madam, The hopeful Thriving of my Suit depends upon your Goodness, and recommends it self unto your Favour; and from your Hand alone expects its Sentence, either to stand or fall. Thrice three times has pale *Cythia* fill'd her Horns with borrow'd

row'd Light, since these sad Beauty-blasted Eyes of mine have by a Light, of which yourself the blest Original, been stricken blind; whose still continuing Smart hath wounded my poor Heart, and pierc'd my Soul: It is the fair *Parthenia*, whose divine and glorious Virtues led my Eyes to Ruin. For, like a wanton Fly, so long I've dallied with the Flame of her bright Beauty, till I have sing'd my Wings, nay, burnt my Heart. O Madam! if to love be held a Sin, the guilty Gods above (for they are Fellow-sinners with us Mortals, being guilty of the same Crime themselves) may easily pardon it. O thrice divine *Parthenia*, thou hast got a Privilege the Gods themselves can't claim. If thou hast doom'd, this loathed Life of mine shall be a Sacrifice to Love and Beauty, yet let me be forgiven e'er I dye; and then I'll welcome Death, that with one Blow will kindly put an End to all my Miseries, and give that Ease which Life has still deny'd me. Madam, To whom in this deplored Condition shou'd I appeal but to you? To whom discover my dying Thoughts but unto you that gave Being to her, for whom I now must dye, unless your Intercession save my Life? For sure the the Language of a Mother moves more than a Lover's Sighs and Tears can do.—— And As he spake, (as he'd before design'd it) a well dissembl'd Tear dropp'd from his faithless Eyes.

The Lady mov'd with the fair Tale of the
foul *Demagoras*, thus instantly replied :

My Honourable Lord, If my too hasty Answer hath prevented what your great Passion would have vented farther, pardon my Haste, which in so rude a manner sought only to divert you from your Passion. The Love you bear *Parthenia* justly claims an Audience from me. In her Name, my Lord, (tho' from an absent Mind, as yet unknown) I must return you Thanks, and add my own besides. The little Judgment that the Gods have lent her downy Years, does challenge the whole Freedom of her Choice, to be resign'd unto her Mother's Judgment. The sprightly Fancies of a Virgin's Mind, enter themselves, and always hate Confinement. The hidden Embers of the Fire of Love they think fann'd up best by their own Desires : And, like to *Dedalus's* Forge, if blown, burns dim, and dies ; but if not blown, it blazes. Lovers affect without being urg'd to't, that which being most persuaded to, they hate. My Lord, adjourn your Passion, and commit the Fortune of your Suit to Time and her. A Lover's Mind is like unto a Pinnacle ; Fancy's the Sail, a Storm of Wind its untrouled Passion ; the Steer-man's Reason, and its Doubts and Fears those Rocks and Sands that either split or swallow up the Vessel. Your Storm being great, do you, like a wise Pilot, bear little Sail, but strongly

ly ply the Rudder. Leave then the Violence of your Thoughts to me; too hasty Gamesters oft o'er-look their Game: Go, court *Parthenia*, and let *Jone's* Blessing suppress what-e'er may contradict your Suit; and if she shew but the least Inclination, I'll quickly blow the Sparks into a Flame. Go then, my Lord; Lovers must lose no time: And may Victory and Success attend you.

Demagoras meeting with this kind Reception from the old Lady, did in the most submissive humble Posture, acknowledge the great Obligation she had put upon him, and blessing her that had thus far blessed him, he takes his Leave of her. Glad in himself that he was likely now to prosecute his vow'd Revenge upon *Parthenia* for the Repulse she gave him. For Pride and Cruelty were so ingrafted in his Nature, that he could never bear the least Affront, but would revenge it to the uttermost. Which to accomplish he would dissemble all his Passions, and pretend Love, only to keep his Hatred undiscover'd,

The Sun was now declining to the West, and being almost drowned in the Sea, cast such a Damp upon our Hemisphere, as sweetly moistened and refreshed the Earth, and made the Flowers send forth a greater Fragrancy; which now invited fair *Parthenia's* Mother to taste the perfumed Air's mellifluous Sweetness, and spend the Evening in

those curicus Walks which *Flora's* liberal Hand had made so gay : And as she walk'd, in her Mind revolved on what had past between her and *Demagoras*; studying to bring the Match about betwixt the rich *Laconian* Lord and her fair Daughter. Casting about which way to find the Bent of young *Parthenia's* Heart, and how she stood affected towards him : Sometimes she thinks that one Way's best to try the Experiment, and by and by she fixes on another. One while she reckons up *Demagoras's* Virtues; (and they, alas! are very quickly numbred, but soon she fears, lest he should prove unkind, causes her Mind to alter : And then she sets before her all his Vices, and finds that they exceed the former, both in Weight and Number. Sometimes she calls to mind his Vows and Oaths; and then she thinks his Vows but Wind. Thus she dislikes and likes; varies her Thoughts; resolves, and then resolves the contrary. One which she fears that his malignant Aspect will give *Parthenia* Cause to disaffect him. But then propounds to her ambitious Thoughts, his Wealth and Gaud, and that covers all. While thus a Chaos of confused Thoughts roll'd in her Breast, she on a sudden spies the fair *Parthenia* spending the Treasure of an Evening's Hour within a lovely Arbour; there sat she reading the sad sweet Discourses of *Chericlea's* Love, the Mixtures of whose often-changed Fortune,

tune, had in her tender Heart begot a Sympathy, so that she felt the self-same Joy and Smart. She read and wept, and as she wept she smil'd, and reconcil'd the Extreame of Joy and Grief. She closed the Book, then straightways open'd it, and with a smiling Look pities the Lovers. Then musing for a while, she teaches Tears to smile, and Smiles to weep. At length discovers thus her broken Thoughts :

Unconstant State of poor distressed Lovers! Is all extream in Love? No Mean at all? No Draught indifferent? Either Gall or Honey? Hath *Cupid's* Universe no temperate *Zone*? Alas, alas, poor Lovers! Which Words she had no sooner follow'd with a Sigh, but to her came her unexpected Mother: With the Surprize of which, her Colour went and came so visibly, that it might easily be taken notice of: And as she came to her with a smiling Countenance so much the more she blush'd; as being conscious her Mother had o'er-heard what she had said. The Smiling of the Mother, and the Daughter's Blushing were reciprocal. The Daughter blush'd because the jealous Mother smil'd upon her, and the silent Mother smil'd to see the conscious Blushes of her Daughter. At length, grown big with Words, she broke her Silence, and bespake her thus:

Blush not, my fair Daughter: 'Tis no Shame to be compassionate to Lovers; or to lament that Flame which Love and Beauty has enkindled. 'Tis Charity to succour the Distressed. The Disposition of a generous Heart makes every Grief her own. What Marble, ah! what Adamantine Ear e'er heard the Flames of *Troy*, and did not weep? Surely, much more the scorching Fire of Love (whose desperate Fuel is its own Desire) may boldly challenge ev'ry gentle Heart to be Joint-tenant in its secret Sufferings, Why dost thou blush, *Parthenia*? Or why, why did those pearly Tears, which I unseen beheld, slide down thy Cheeks? Fear not to speak, this Arbour hath no Ears. Here's none but we. Speak then, it is no Shame to shed a Tear, for I have done the like. Say, hath the winged Wanton with his Arrow sent e'er a Message to thy wounded Heart? Speak in the Name of *Hymen*, I conjure thee; for if the Case be so, I have a Balsam, which well applied, will work a perfect Cure. I fear the young *Laconian* Lord who has been lately with thee, has left some indigested Word in thy cold Stomach, which for want of Skill, I doubt may lye too heavy at thy Heart. If that be all, tell but thy Grief to me, and I'll endeavour to find out a Remedy. For well I know, Silence in Love but multiplies a Grief; the Way to find a Cure, is to reveal it. Perhaps thou

lov'st

lov'st *Demagoras*, and wouldst fain hide thy Affection from thy Mother's Eyes, and reap the pleasing Fruits of Love unseen; for stolen Morsels are the sweetest Thought. If then thou dost affect to love in secret, I'll be as blind as he that wounded thee. Or, if thou darest acquaint thy Mother with it, thy Mother's Care shall be redoubled for thee; and nothing shall be wanting on my part to make thee happy in the sweet Fruition of thy choice Desires. Thou lov'st *Demagoras*; Come, I know thou dost; thy conscious Heart must give thy Lips the Lye, if thou deniest it: Which, on my Score, thou hast no need to do; for I much rather will encourage thee, than cross thy well-plac'd Passion. Then love him still, *Parthenia*; for I know his Thoughts are noble, and his Fame is bright. 'Tis Royal Blood that runs within his Veins; for he's ally'd to the high Stock of the *Arcadian* King. The Gods have blessed him with a fair Estate, and Wealth and Honour his Attendants are. All which and more, if I have any Skill, he with himself will offer up to you, as what your Love and Beauty justly merits. For to my knowledge, he your Captive is, and to your Conquering Eyes submits himself. He at thy Mercy lyes, my dear *Parthenia*. Then be not wanting to thyself, my Child, but meet his Passion with an equal Flame; and do not go about with too much Niceness to

put a Damp upon that glowing Fire. which may, by such cold Usage, be extinguished. Remember that Occasion's bald behind; nor will such Offers be made every Day. Then take 'em while they are proffered, for Times alter; and Youth and Beauty quickly will decay. Use then thy time, while Youth and Beauty last; for if that loathsome and infamous Reproach of a stale Maid, should be applied to thee, thou wilt look like Garments kept till out of Fashion. Then treat *Demagoras* as he deserves, and readily agree to be his Wife, and make me happy by a living Pledge of both your mutual Loves.

The old Lady having thus declar'd her Mind, and begg'd that Question which *Parthenia* could never grant: *Parthenia* stood still awhile, and paus'd e'er she return'd an Answer; for her Affection struggl'd with her Duty. She found her Mother was an Advocate for the *Laconian* Lord, and would have had her given him that Heart which was before dispos'd of to another. She sometimes thought her Duty to her Mother oblig'd her, and then again thought her own Choice was best. But lest her Silence should incense her Mother, she thus replied to what her Mother said:

Madam, That I no sooner have reply'd, impute not to my Disobedience; or that the Slowness of my Speech is only to borrow an Advantage to deny. It lyes not in your Pow-

er to command beyond my Will; therefore I here into your Hands surrender that little, All you gave me. The Gods forbid *Parthenia* should resist what you command, command what e'er you will. But pardon me, the young *Laconian* Lord, tho' he attempted it, could never gain an Entrance in my Heart. I wept indeed, but my misconstrued Tears proceeded not from any Spring of *Cupid's*; this blubber'd Book will make it plain appear, whose Grief I wept, I wept not for my own. My lowly Thoughts durst never soar so high, nor ne'er were guilty of that proud Desire of so great an Honour to be called his Wife, for whom ambitious Queens have been contending. He su'd for Love, and did importune strongly to have my Heart surrender'd up to him; but my Heart pleas'd more with a meaner Fortune, had shut all Pity from my tender Breast, nor could I entertain one Spark of Love. But, Madam, you to whose more wise Directions my untaught Passions ever shall submit, you have commanded, and your Will shall be the Square of my Desires. I'll practise Duty, and I'll practise Love, tho' yet I am unacquainted with *Cupid*.

The old Lady could not be well pleased with what *Parthenia* answered: yet knew not how at present to reply; but hop'd that Time might bring her Ends about, and reconcile her to *Demagoras's* Love.

C H A P. III

The Story of Argalus, the Occasion of his coming into Arcadia. He sees, and falls in Love with Parthenia, and she with him.

NOT long before *Demagoras* made his Suit to fair *Parthenia*, the great and the belov'd *Basilus*, who sways the Scepter of the *Arcadian* Land, with Triumphs brought to his renowned Court, his new espoused Queen, the bright *Cynecia*; which to *Arcadia* brought a great Resort of foreign States and Princes, to behold the unbeliev'd Report that Fame had spread of that fair Queen's great and exalted Worth. Thither the *Cyprian* Nobles all repaired, richly adorned in warlike Furniture, with solemn Jufts to celebrate the Feast, and the Royal Nuptials so lately past between the *Arcadian* King, the Great *Basilus*, and his Royal Bride the fair *Gynecia*; in whose fine Composition, both Art and Nature had out-done themselves, and summed up that Perfection which Words are wanting fully to describe. Her Father was the *Cyprian* King, whose Fame received more Honour from his Daughter's Worth, than from the Lustre of the Crown he wore. But to describe the Royal Enterainment which King *Basilus* gave to all those Strangers, to tell the Pomp in which the Bride appeared, and shew the

Bride-

Bridegroom's rich and royal State, to set down all the Names, and shew the Worth of those great Lords that were at this Solemnity, the quaint Impressa's they distinctly wore, their Martial Sports, and oft-redoubled Blows, the Courage of this Lord, and of the other, is not my Task, nor lyes it in my way. What I particularly here design, is from amongst them to select one Person, whose Birth (if that adds any thing to Merit) was not inferiour to the chiefest there, as springing from the Royal Blood, and ancient Stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings. Nor was his Person and his great Accomplishments at all inferiour to his illustrious Birth. His Mind was richly furnished with the Treasure of moral Knowledge; and so far from Pride, he was a great Example of Humility; yet strong and valiant, and of a noble Courage, but one that would not dare to offer Wrong to any one; friendly he was to all Mankind, but inward, but with few; but to those few he was always such a Friend, as that, while they were Friends to Virtue, he never would forsake 'em. Lord of his Word, and Master of his Passion: Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary: Hard to resolve, but then as hardly brought from what he had resolved on. And in a Word, so every way accomplished with the Perfections both of Mind and Body, that it would be very hard to find his Equal: And not to

keep

keep my Reader longer in suspense, his Name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born; and of chief Rank therein; whose Business in *Arcadia* was to grace the Nuptials of the fair *Gynecia*, who now was married to the Great *Basilus* the *Arcadian* King.

Amongst the Beauties of *Arcadia* that came to wait upon the new-made Queen, the fair *Parthenia* was one, than whom the Queen her self was not more fair. *Argalus* first of all had there a View of her, and quickly found himself a Captive to her: And there *Parthenia* first saw *Argalus*, but could not view him with Indifference; something she saw in him, but what she knew not, which at the first View made her to distinguish him from all the Lords in the *Arcadian* Court, feeling within her Breast such an Emotion as she had never felt therein before. So that whilst yet they were unknown to each other, they both were link'd together with the secret Tye of undisclos'd Affection. Both dearly lov'd, and each striv'd to hide it from the other. Yet sure it was one Dart wounded, for both were wounded at the self-same time. Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, and griev'd and joy'd; and tho' they both could help, yet neither was reliev'd.

This was the first beginning of their Passion; but as all things are made easy by Love, so Love soon found out a Way to bring them

both

both together; and since one cou'd not strike the other without wounding themselves, so the Conquest must needs be easy, where both sides had agreed to yield. And having unhosom'd their Hearts to each other, and made a mutual Vow of inviolable Affections, they both found such an Excess of Joy, that they thought nothing could make them unhappy.

But, O what unseen Events do oftentimes attend a Lover's Progress! How many unsuspected Dangers does he fall into? He has no sooner built his Hopes of Happiness, but straight his Fear destroys it. Sometimes he surfeits with Excess of Joy; and by and by sinks down into Despair. And when Love's Current seems to run most smoothly, some obvious Mischief still disturbs its Course.

C H A P. IV.

Parthenia's Mother presses her to love Demagoras, and tells her of a Dream she had. Parthenia discovers her Love to Argalus, and expounds her Mother's Dream. Her Mother goes from her in a great Passion.

THis was exemplified in these two Lovers: For no sooner had their mutual Flames proclaim'd Love's Jubilee, but presently *Parthenia's* Mother (whose troubled Countenance presag'd some serious Matter

harboured in her Breast) enters the Room, and between Jest and Earnest, thus address her Daughter :

My dearest Child, This Night, when all was still and hush, and silent Darknes court-
ed me to sleep, spight of my Inclination, fundry Thoughts troubled my Mind, and robbed me of my Rest. So that I slept not till the shrill-mouthed Horn of *Canticleer* proclaimed the dawning Day. At last, when *Morpheus* with his leaden Key, had locked my Senses up, and had enlarg'd the Power of my Heaven-guided Fancy, while I slept, three times I dreamt one and the self-same Dream. Then waked, and being frightened at the Vision, could not but think it was what the Gods decreed. My Dream was this : Methought I see thee sitting, drest like a Princely Bride, with Robes that well might have become the State of Majesty ; the Nymph-like Hair loosely disheveled, and upon thy Brows bearing a Cypress Wreath ; and thrice three Months expired, thy pregnant Womb required *Lucinda's* Aid ; and thereupon methought I saw a Team of har-
nest Peacocks draw a fiery Chariot, wherein there sat the glorious Majesty of great *Satur-nus*, on whose Train attended an Host of Goddesses. *Juno*, methought descended from out of the flaming Chariot, and blest thy painful Womb. Thy Pains awhile increased, until at length she laid her Palms upon thy

fruit-

fruitful Flank, and there was born a Son ;
the Mother of a smiling Boy she made thee,
and after blest thee with a Mother's Joy.
She kissed the Babe, and then she told his
Fortune, by setting on his Head a Crown of
Gold ; and there, as if the Heavens had
clove in sunder, methought I heard the
dreadful Thunderer's Voice : The Hail
stormed down, and Hail-stones did appear
like Orient Pearls, and some like Gold re-
fined. At which the Goddess turned, and
said, *Behold, Great Jove hath sent a Gift ; go
forth and take it.* Thus having spoke, she
vanished, and I awaked out of my Dream ; and
waking, trembled ; for full well I know 'twas
no Delusion of an idle Brain, but what the
Gods in Vision did fore-shew of my *Parthe-
nia's* Fortune. I liked the Dream wherein
the Heavens foretold thy joyful Marriage,
and the golden Shower, which can betoken
nothing else but Wealth ; and in like man-
ner *Juno's* coming down, and placing on the
Infant's Head a Crown of Gold, must needs
fore-shew thy safe Deliverance, and insuing
Honour. But what the Wreath of Cypress
(that was set upon thy Nuptial Brows) pre-
saged, the Gods as yet keep from me. And
if that Secret any Ill foreshew, Heaven keep
the Knowledge of it from thee likewise.
Advise *Parthenia*, and refuse no longer all
that good Fortune which the Gods foreshew
thee. Submit to them ; what they decree

is Fate, and will not lye within thy Power to alter. Then chearfully endeavour to fulfil what they design, and what must come to pass. I therefore by thy Filial Duty to the Gods and me, conjure thee to remove all fond Conceits that seek to interrupt thy Happiness, by labouring to disjoyn what Heaven hath knit, I mean *Demagoras's* Heart and thine together. The Gods are faithful, and they know far better what will advance our Happiness than we do. Then what Heaven offers, fear not to receive with thankful Hands; nor pass over so slightly the dear Affections of so true a Lover. Pity his Flames, relieve his tortur'd Breast, that finds at home no Rest, abroad no Joy, but, like a Hart that's wounded by the Dogs, still flies with *Cupid's* Javelin in his Wounds. Be gentle then, and let thy cordial Smiles revive his Spirits, that only cares for Life to do thee Honour.

So having said, she ceas'd, and fair *Parthenia* perceiv'd that things were come unto this Pass, that she must either now displease her Mother, or violate her plighted Faith to *Argalus*; which caus'd an inward Strife within her Breast, betwixt Filial Obedience and Love. Fain she'd strive to be Dutiful unto her Mother, but could not think of breaking of her Vow to *Argalus*. But whilst she seem'd to stand divided thus betwixt her Duty and Affection; she call'd to mind the

sacred Vows that her dear *Argalus* had made to her, as well as that which she had made to him; by breaking of which she should be both Disloyal and Unjust; unjust to *Argalus*, to whom already she had given the Possession of her Heart, and could not, neither would she take it away. On which Consideration she suddenly broke into Tears, and weeping, to her Mother thus replied:

Madam, The angry Gods have sure conspired to shew the utmost of their Rage to poor *Parthenia*; and having laid all Mercy quite aside, resolve to make me truly Miserable. Yes, I must be the Subject of their Wrath, and break my Vows, and wrong my plighted Faith; or else Maternal Love will so be banish'd a Mother's Heart, that she'll renounce her Child.—— She could no longer speak, for such a Tide of Tears gushed out, as stopped the intended Passage of her Tongue: Which made her Grief redouble its Force, throwing her Body prostrate on the Ground, while her own Hands (not knowing what they did) tore off her curious Hair: And, like a Person that was quite distracted, sometimes she struck the Ground, sometimes her Breast; and then began to speak, and then her Tears prevented her again. At last, raising herself upon her feeble Knees, and humbly fixing her sad Eyes upon her Mother's frowning Visage, thus proceeded: Upon these Knees, these

these Knees that heretofore were never bent to you in vain, nor ne'er rose without a Mothers Blessing; upon these naked Knees, to your dear Thoughts I recommend those Torments that attend your dear *Parthenia*, whose Distress is such, that even Death would be an Ease to me. Yes, yes, *Demagoras* and Death sound both alike to these sad Ears of mine; and I can embrace one as soon as the other: No, dearest Mother, I can never love him. Command *Parthenia* then what Death you please, and you shall find how much more readily I will embrace it than *Demagoras*. The Gods themselves that have a secret Power to force Affection, cannot violate the Laws of Nature. For sooner shall the ponderous Earth ascend, and the aspiring Flames turn their Points downwards, than your *Parthenia* can love *Demagoras*. The joyful Vision that your slumbering Eyes beheld of late, promis'd a fairer Fortune than Heaven is like to give to poor *Parthenia*; for your prophetick Dream it seems beheld a Royal Marriage, pointed out the Bride, her safe Deliverance, and her smiling Son, his Honour and his Wealth; but after all, you saw no Bridegroom. Him has Heaven reserved within my Breast, by me to be revealed; which if your Patience will but give me leave, I'll now discover to you.

When King *Basilus* (may whose Royal Hand long sway the Scepter of *Arcadia*

from

bent from *Cyprus*) brought his more than Princely
Mo- Bride, the fair *Gynecia*; among the Train of
nees, this illustrious Bride, did many Lords of
those great Renown attend, and *Cyprian* Prin-
ciples of the chiefest Rank, to see her crown'd
ould in the *Arcadian* Court; amongst this Train
s-and of Princes there was One, that full as far as
Ears Midnight *Cynthia* does out-shine a twinkling
on as Star, excell'd the rest; whose perfect Vir-
n ne- tue finds more Admiration in the *Arcadian*
then Court, than it can meet with Imitation there.
find Nor is the Casket that contains this Jewel,
than unworthy of the Jewel it contains. For in
have the forming of this curious Piece, the Hand
nnot of Nature quite outwent itself, and furnish-
oner ed it with such transcending Worth, that
e a- he is only worthy to be chosen, the great
ards, Protector of all Arts, and Store-house of
The Perfection. The *Cyprus* Stock did ne'er till
be- now produce so fair a Branch; whose match-
than less Worth does to *Arcadia* greater Glory
nia; bring, than can the dull *Arcadians* under-
held stand. His Name is *Argalus*; he, Madam,
ide, is the *Cyprus Wreath* that crown'd my Nup-
Son, tial Brows. And now, dear Mother, I have
all, found the Bridegroom which your Dream
ven concealed, cloathed in the Mystery of that
re- *Cyprus Wreath*. Then, Madam, now no
ive more oppose my Fate, nor contradict that
which the Gods decree. For what the Gods
syal command, 'tis your Desire *Parthenia* should
edia obey, and in Obedience unto their Decrees,
com my

my Vows are past, and nothing now shall part me and my *Argalus*.

Parthenia having made an end, she quickly saw her Mother's angry Eye half closed with a murdering Frown, declar'd how much she was displeas'd with her Narration; who, sternly shaking of her Head, unlock'd the Doors, and went away, leaving *Parthenia* on her aching Knees, and, as she went, she spake thus to herself: *And is it so? Is Argalus the Man?* But there she stop'd, and striving to express what Rage had prompted, could proceed no farther.

Speak now, ye Lovers, that have ever been exercised with wilful Parents crossing your Affections, and by the Rigour of their strict Command have made you groan under their Tyranny, and by their furious Wills fought to divorce your Souls from your best Thoughts, and make you to affect those very Persons for whom you have always had the most Aversion; you can best judge how great that Grief must be, which now possess'd the Heart of poor *Parthenia*; whose Hopes so small a time had blasted, and in their Prime had made her Roses fade. Who now lies like an unregarded Ruin, with Death's affrighting Image in her Eyes. Poor Virgin! She whom hopeful Thoughts so late had crown'd with promis'd Joys, now grov'ling, lies neglected and forlorn on the cold Bed of Nature; her Eyes swell'd

up, as loath to see the Light that would discover such a dismal Prospect. Nor from her Lips, those Portals of Delight, can any Sound be heard, unless sometimes the Words steal thro', *my dearest Argalus* ! and then they close again, as if the one had kiss'd the other, only pronouncing that happy Name ; and then reflecting on the wretched Cause of all her Grief, she would suddenly cry out, *O my hard Fortune* ! and add, *But, O my harder-hearted Mother* ! Till sick with her own Thoughts, her Passion strove betwixt those two Extrems of Love and Grief : And yet so much did Love obtain the Ascendant, that still the more she griev'd, the more she lov'd. But since our Words sometimes alleviate Grief, she to herself did thus begin to speak :

How art thou chang'd *Parthenia* ! How hath Passion ruff'd thy Thoughts, and put thee out of Order ! Exil'd thy little Judgment, and betray'd thee to thy own self ! Tossed thee upon the Waves of Discontent, with Storms and Tempests, blown from the North-East Quarter of Despair, which had over-whelm'd my Weather-beaten Soul, and drowned me in the Gulf of Misery, had I not pumped this Water from mine Eyes. My *Argalus*, O where, O where art thou ? Thou little think'st how thy *Parthenia* is tortured for thy sake ; nor dost thou know the unsufferable Anguish of my Mind ; thou keep'st no Register of my sad Tears, nor knowest

The Renown'd History of
knowest the Tryals I undergo. However,
Fortune I henceforth defy thee:

*Thou'st spit thy Venom, and canst do no more :
Whose levell'd with the Earth, can fall no lower.*

C H A P. V.

Parthenia's Mother seeks by Flattery to persuade her to love Demagoras, but in vain. She then consults with Demagoras to poison Argalus, and sends a Letter to him in Parthenia's Name by Athelia, Parthenia's Maid, with a Viol of Poison, under the Notion of a Love-cordial. Athelia tasting of it, is poisoned, which having spoiled the old Lady's Plot, upon hearing thereof she dies.

JUST as *Parthenia* spoke those Words, her Mother enters the Chamber with a smiling Aspect; salutes her Child, and takes her from the Ground whereon she lay, and having caused her to sit down by her, she then in gentle Terms bespake her thus:

Perverse Parthenia! Is thy Heart so glu'd to *Argalus*, that it must treat *Demagoras* with such Scorn? What, are your Souls so closely join'd, that my Entreaties may not interpose? If it be so, yet let a Mother's Care not be contemned, for cautioning her Child. The Sickle that is too early cannot reap a fruitful Harvest. Therefore be not too ha-

sty;

fly; adjourn your Thoughts, and make a
 wise Delay; and try his Virtue, e'er you
 trust too far: You cannot measure Virtue
 in a Day. Virtues appear, but Vices baulk
 the Light, and though they are great, yet are
 not known at first. Those Joys are false
 that are not mixt with Doubt. Divide that
 Love which thou bestowest on One, betwixt
 a Couple; try them both, and then take
 which thou findest best. Consult with Time,
 for Time brings Truth to light, and tries the
 Faith and Constancy of Lovers. Things done
 in haste, you may repent at leisure; what's
 soon past, is oft too late lamented.

Parthenia having heard her Mother's
 Words, rose from her Chair, and bowing
 with incomparable Grace, made this Reply:

Madam, Each Day, since first you gave me
 Being, has shew'd the Tokens of your tender
 Care, and hourly Goodness to me. Which
 when with my Deserts I but compare, I find
 my Debt of Duty is so great, that I never
 can pretend to pay it off. I must confess my
 Heart is not so link'd to *Argalus* his Merit,
 as to scorn *Demagoras*; nor is it ty'd so loose-
 ly, that I can slip the Knot, and so divide
 that true and that intire Affection which I
 have for *Argalus*. My Heart's but one, and
 guided by one Power; and one's a Number
 not to be divided. And 'tis a noted Lesson
 in Love's School, *That Love divided, is but
 Love destroyed*. But yet what plighted Faith
 and

and Honour can't undo, your Counsel shall delay. Madam, *Parthenia's* Hand is not so greedy to reap her Corn as not to let it ripen. Her unadvised Syckle shall not be thrust into her hopeful Harvest, till it is ready. *Parthenia* will to your's her Skill submit; and for the time your Will shall regulate it.

So spake *Parthenia*. But to tell you all that past between her and her angry Mother, would be to take up as much time as they did, who parted not until the Morning-light had banish'd Darknes. The old Lady still pleaded the Cause of the *Laconian* Lord, and fair *Parthenia* urging that her Vows so sacred were, they could not be revok'd. Yet still the Mother pleaded, nor would leave untry'd whatever she thought might bring her over to *Demagoras*, therefore persuades, allures, intreats, mingles her Words with Threatnings, Smiles, and Tears, and did indeed all that a Marble-hearted Mother cou'd, to work her Daughter's Ruin. And yet the more her Mother did persuade, the more she taught *Parthenia* to deny. At last, despairing to obtain her End (for she as well might hope to move a Mountain, as once to change the fix'd *Parthenia's* Mind) she spake no more, but started from her Chair, Go, foolish Girl, cry'd she, and flung away. Harbours new Mischief in her raging Mind; and studying new Plots to bring about what she perceiv'd her Words could

never do. And therefore now resolv'd her Actions should more powerful be, than e'er her Words had been. Envy, that Poison of a viperous Soul, had entred now into the old Lady's Breast, and plotted Treason there against poor *Argalus*; and in a secret Council held between *Demagoras* and we, it was resolv'd, that *Argalus* must die, and by his Death make Way for introducing of *Demagoras* into *Parthenia's* Favour. The thing being agreed, the Ways and Means to bring't about, was next to be considered. And after several had been thought upon, *Demagoras* from his side draws his Stiletto: Madam, said he, this Medicine well applied to *Argalus* his Bosom, will give Rest to him and me, and do it suddenly; and in this Case the quickest Way's the best. My Lord, said she, your trembling Hand may miss the Mark, and then your self will be in danger: Attempts are dangerous at so small a Distance; I therefore think a Drug's the better Weapon, and carries sudden Death clos'd up in Sweetness. Your Safety I regard, my Lord, and that may by a Drug, I am sure, be best secured. Leave me to manage the successful Plot, and if I don't contrive it for the best, then say my Skill has fail'd me, and never trust a Woman's Wit again. Be you but wise and close, my Lord, and leave the rest to me.

Demagoras being gone, to lose no time,
C that

that very Night she called *Athelia* to her, *Parthenia's* Hand-maid, who she thus bespoke. *Athelia*, dare thy private Thoughts partake with mine? Can'st thou be secret? Has thy Heart a Lock that none can pick or break by Force? Tell me, *Athelia*, can'st thou keep a Secret? Madam, said she, let me never be true to my own Thoughts, if ever I prove false. Speak what you please, *Athelia*, shall conceal: Not your own Breast shall keep it more securely. Know then, *Athelia*, reply'd the Lady, so great is my Affection to *Parthenia*, her Welfare is the Crown of all my Joys. And if thou should'st betray what I intrust thee with, her Happiness, and all my Joys are ruin'd. But if thou truly dost discharge the Trust, that I shall now put into thy faithful Hands, it lies within thy Power to prevent approaching Evils; and to ease the Heart of my *Parthenia*, and in her of mine, in whom I've plac'd the Comfort of my Age; I need not tell thee, my *Athelia*, *Parthenia* is in Love, I know thou know'st it. And thou knowest as well her wasted Spirits languish in her Breast, which soon will put a Period to her Days, unless some Remedy be found to ease her. 'Tis *Argalus* she loves, who, with disdain requites her true Affection; he slights her Love and Tears, yet his Neglect serves only to encrease the fatal Flame of her Affection to him, while she groans beneath the hea-

vy Burden of Despair. But desperate's the Wound that admits no Cure. And now, *Athelia*, it lies in thee to help. Wilt thou assist me if I find the Way? Madam, replied *Athelia*, I have said so much already, that you need not doubt my Secrecy in any thing; especially to ease my vertuous Lady. For what you've said, is unto me no Secret.

The treacherous Lady having this Assurance, strait stept aside into her Closet, and in *Parthenia's* Name this Letter writ:

To her Dear and Faithful *Argalus*,
THough I'm still persecuted by the Malice of my Mother, yet all the Water of Affliction with which she thinks to quench my Love, has only the Effect of Oyl when cast upon the Fire, to make it burn the brighter and more fiercely, for thy *Parthenia* is still the same; and e'er one Week is past, I do not doubt but all our Difficulties will be overcome. What I have herewith sent thee, drink with speed, it is a Cordial that will strengthen Love; and, like an Amulette, preserve my *Argalus* from whatsoe'er may hurt him. Drink without doubting then, and still believe that I will always be
 Thy constant *Parthenia*.

This being done and sealed, she called *Athelia* in, and gave it her; and from her Cabinet taking a Vial, Look here, said she, *Athelia*, in this Glass the Hopes of my *Parthe-*

nia does consist. This is the *Nepenthe*, which the Gods themselves drink, to confirm their Loves to one another. For this a Vertue has infus'd by *Jove*, to turn deep Hatred into strong Affection; one Dose of this will make the proudest Lover languish for her whom he disdain'd before. Here, take this Glass, and give it with the Letter to *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* Name; but to no Hand but his be sure commit it. And let thy Speed prevent the Rising Sun. *Athelia* took it, and went strait to Bed, and so did the old Lady too; but could not rest till she the Event had heard, and how her murdering Poison did succeed.

But now, before I farther can proceed, I must, methinks expostulate with Heaven. O ye celestial Powers that never slumber, but are the constant Guard of Innocence; Can you permit the murtherous Designs of wicked Men against the innocent, to take Effect? Surely, it cannot be; for if such impious Designs should prosper against those Persons that have no Defence but their own Virtue, and your high Protection, who will hereafter to you pay their Vows, or let one Grain of sacred Incense fall on your neglected Altars: Say then, shall *Argalus* be thus betray'd to his own Death, in his *Parthenia's* Name? He who's the Flower of Arts as well as Arms; the *Cyprian* Kingdom's Boast, *Arcadia's* Garland, and all *Greece's* Glory,

Vir-

Virtue's bright Pattern, and the World's Example: Must this Man by black Treason be betray'd to his own Death, under the Mask of Love? Forbid it, O ye Powers above, and let some intervening Providence still save him from that dire impending Stroke with which Hell threatens him.

But now bright Day dissolves the Damps of Night, and every Star fled from the approaching Sun, when fair *Aurora* from the purple Bed of *Tithon* rose to guild the Eastern Sky; and the early Lark, with his sweet Notes, salutes the welcome Day. This wakes *Athelia*, who yet slumbering lay, but took no Rest, disturb'd so much by Dreams, which with prophetick Fears still represented the horrid Scenes of Death before her Eyes: What ails the Gods, said she as she was rising, thus to disturb my Rest? Nothing but Death and Murther, Graves and Bells frightening my Fancy with their hourly Tolling. But now I think on't, Dreams, they say, do still expound themselves a quite contrary way. The Riddle's out, and now I understand my Dream's intent, and that some Wedding's near; for Death interpreted, is nothing else but Marriage, and the melancholy Bells are Mirth and Musick: By the Grave is meant the joyful, joyful Marriage-bed: And then this may be special News to me, for 'twas myself my Dream foretold should dye: And if this Death be Marriage,

let it come, I could be well content to die this Day. — But I must hasten, the too forward Day tells me, I've lain too long a Bed this Morning. And being dress'd, she took the forged Letter, and that which she believed was a Love-cordial, and to her early progress then applies her self. But Marriage having got into her Head, each Step she took, she still was thinking on't; and could not forbear saying as she went,

How frail's the Nature of a Woman's Will! How very cross! The Thing she's most forbidden, is that which still she most of all desires; and what she's most of all persuaded to, is most contrary to her Inclination. Had not my Hands been bound, and I forbid to tast this Love-sick Cordial, I should have had no mind to it; nay, perhaps never thought on't; but now methinks I long: I find Desire grows stronger by Confinement; I long to tast, and yet the only thing that makes me do so, is, I was forbid. At last she stops, and soon unites the Glass, and ignorantly takes that fatal Draught, which in eternal Night shall close her Eyes; and having drank, she ties it fast again, and, for her former Loitering mends her Pace; till on a sudden she begins to faint, her Bowels gripe, her Breath begins to fail, her Tongue to blister, and her Veins to boil; her Colour comes and goes, she scarce can stand, and presently falling upon the Ground,

swells

swells like a Bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus dy'd *Athelia*; and from her Death, poor *Argalus* new Life again derives. For 'twas to him this deadly Draught was meant Live *Argalus*, and let such Morning draughts their Portion be who seek to take my Life. Live long, and let thy Guardian Angel still, who hath preserv'd thee for *Parthenia's* Love, crown all thy Hopes and Fortunes with Success, and keep thee safe from all succeeding Treasons.

Athelia had not long slept her last Sleep, but she was soon found dead upon the Road, which, with her noisy Trump, Fame quickly spread, and it soon reach'd the Ears of the old Lady, whose treacherous Heart was greedily prepar'd to entertain the Tydings of a Murther: But finding by *Athelia's* Death, her Plot on *Argalus* had quite miscarried, she on the Ground desperately threw herself; but what she said, shall be by me conceal'd, for this one Cause, she was *Parthenia's* Mother. Let it suffice to say, that the Extreame of unresisted Sorrow and of Shame, quite overcame her disappointed Malice; less grieving for the Treason, than its Discovery, repenting more for what she fail'd to do, than what she did; but Grief being grown too deep for her to wade, she sinks beneath the Burden, and crying out, *Welcome, thou Ceaser of all Evils*, dies.

Now Tongues being to walk, and every Ear is listening after the late Tragick Scene. The Breath of Fame grows loud, fears no Repulse, but now reports aloud what it before durst hardly wisper. The Letter found in dead *Athelia's* Breast, discovered the dark Plot that had been laid; and what before was only guest at, is now confirm'd and clear'd. And now whose Hand it was, and whence the Malice grew, was also known.

But where's the fair *Parthenia* all this while? In what dark Caverns of black Sorrow lurks she, that we hear nothing of her? Alas! her Sorrow for these dismal Accidents, (*Athelia* poison'd, and her Mother dead) fill her with Grief, far too great to exprefs'd; and had not Heaven protected *Argalus*, one Tomb had held 'em both. But *Argalus* his Safety caus'd that Joy, that greatly help'd to mitigate her Sorrow: I will not therefore here expatiate longer on this sad Scene of Sorrow. I am none of those that take Delight to see afflicted Ladies drown'd in Tears.

When Time (that Enemy to Fame) grew hoarse, and had compos'd *Parthenia's* Sorrows, and from the Ground rais'd her fair Body almost spent with Grief, and drowned in her own Tears; a long expected Scene of better Fortune enters in, to drain her watry Eyes: Her stormy Night of briny Tears now past, a welcome Day of Happiness ap-

pears.

pears. The Rock's remov'd, and now Love's wider Ocean gives room enough, looks with a milder Brow: Now therefore, Reader, let thy list'ning Ear welcome the happy Tydings thou so much long'st for: A Lover's Diet's mixt; sometimes 'tis sweet, and then 'tis sower again; and this so oft, in one Hour's time he thinks it Heaven and Hell.

Now *Argalus* can find with his *Parthenia* a Lover's Welcome, and a free Access without Eve's drooping Ears and frowning Eyes; and now *Parthenia's* Heart can give her Tongue the Freedom to impart his louder Welcome, whilst her greedy Eye can satisfy her Looks with his blest Sight. She's not *Parthenia* now, if he ben't present; nor he's not *Argalus*, if not together. Their Cheeks are fill'd with Smiles, their Tongues with Stories of what they have endur'd for one another. She tells him of her Mother's mystick Dream; how she was troubl'd at the *Cyprus* Wreath; nor could tell what to make of it, untill *Parthenia* did unfold it to her, and told her it was *Argalus*; and how she after, with *Demagoras*, had form'd a Plot to take away his Life, which prov'd the Death of poor *Athelia*; and then *Parthenia* scarce with-held her Eyes from shedding Tears, at such stupendious Malice, considering how narrowly her *Argalus* escap'd the deadly Draught. But *Argalus* soon dry'd her Cheeks with Kisses; and then diverted

So **The Renown'd History of, &c.**

the Discourse to some more pleasant Subject. Thus, by the Priviledge of Time and Leisure, the happy Lovers whil'd away their Hours until Night parted them; which now *Argalus* finds to be an Inconvenience, and therefore to *Parthenia* does propose a Remedy against that Separation:

*Which is, That Hymen with his Nuptial Bands,
Do join together their espoused Hands.*

And this once done, *Argalus* does assure her, they'll make the Night as pleasant as the Day. *Parthania* yields, as knowing this has been the dearly purchas'd Price of many a Tear. *Hymen* is summon'd to perform his Rites, and to inroll their Names in his Register, that they the Joys of Love may freely reap. Accordingly, the appointed Day is set, and all things are preparing to that End. And since the tender-hearted Reader must have let some Tears fall on *Parthenia's* Sorrows, I am impower'd by her beloved *Argalus*, in the next Book, to invite him to the Wedding.

The End of the First Book.

T H E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Argalus and Parthenia.

The Second Book.

C H A P. I.

The Marriage-day for Argalus and Parthenia being come, and all things prepared for the Wedding. Whilst Parthenia was waiting for Argalus in an Arbour, Demagoras comes suddenly upon her, and pulling her upon the Ground by the Hair of the Head, besmears her Face with horrid Poison, and leaving her for dead, escapes away.

THE Heavens are clear : Now, gentle Pinnacle, sail. The Wind blows fair, fear not to reach the Harbour. Neptune hath, with his awful Trident calm'd the Surface of the Sea. The Rocks are past; the Storm is now blown over. Rouze then, ye Weather-beaten Voyagers, for sake your loathed Cabbins. Up, and louze ye upon the open Decks, and smell the Land. Be ready to salute the welcome Shore, which now is within Ken. Then sail, my Pinnacle with a

prosperous Gale, to th' *Isle of Peace*, and may good Fortune follow thee: Thy Birth-right gives thee Power, great Sea-born Queen, assist your Supplicants: Grant one happy Hour, and let these wounded Lovers now at length arrive at their so long-desired Heaven.

The Marriage-day by *Argalus* appointed, did now draw on, and all things getting ready; the Bride was busy, and the Bridegroom gone to call his Fellow-Princes to the Feast. The Garland's made, the Bridal Chamber ready: The Graces with the Muses have consulted, to crown the Day, and honour their Embraces with their Epithalamiums; their warbling Tongues are grown already perfect in their new Lyrck Songs. *Hymen* begins to grumble at Delay; and *Bacchus* smiles to think the Day's so nigh. The Virgin Tapers, and whatever Rights belong to Nuptials, are prepar'd; whereby the joyful Triumph of this Marriage may be best express'd: But stay! Who brings me now the keenest Iron Pen, that I may engrave the most Tragick Scene on Men's relenting Marble Hearts? Which whosoever shall see, his Eyes instead of weeping, shall bleed with purple Tears. If Time shall not allow his Death-prevented Eyes to weep enough, then let his dying Language recommend to his Posterity to finish what is left.

Thou saddest of all Muses, come, thy studious Help's invok'd, that each consuming Word may rend a Heart, at least, that every Line in the salt Brine of her own Tears may pickle up a Kingdom. O, teach me how to extract the Quintessence of Grief, whose Vertue may distract those senseless Breasts, which Sorrow cannot kill. Inspire *Melpomene*, O, inspire my feeble Pen; and, like sad *Niobe*, let every one that cannot melt, be turn'd to harden'd Stone; teach me to paint an oft repeated Sigh, so to the Life, that whosoever is near it, may hear it breathe, and learn, by Imitation, to do the like, until true Passion strike their bleeding Hearts.

*The Event still crowns the Act, let none declare,
Before the Evening's come, the Day is fair.*

For when the Kalends of his Bridal Feast were entered in, and every longing Heart wax'd great with Expectation, and all Eyes prepar'd for entertaining Novelties, were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd with that, which Art and Honour had contriv'd to adorn the Times withal; and to represent their Bounty and the Glory of that Day, the rare *Parthenia* taking sweet Occasion to bless her busy Thoughts, with the dear Remembrance of her absent *Argalus*, whose too long Stay made Minutes Days, and Days seem measur'd Ages, into a secret

Bower betook her weary Steps, where every Moment her greedy Ears expect to hear the Sum of all her Hopes, that *Argalus* is come. She hopes, she fears at once, and still considers what makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses, she questions, answers, and she makes Reply, and talks as if her *Argalus* were present.

Why com'st thou not? Can *Argalus* neglect his languishing *Parthenia*? What, yet no News? But as she spake that Word, she heard a Noise, which gave her some Suspicion of a close Conspiracy; and set her Tears at work, for she knew not what, till at last her Ears being happily deceiv'd, as her Hopes would have it, she thought she could distinguish the Voice of *Argalus* amongst the rest, whom she supposed was coming silently, to seize her at Unawares. She was wonderfully pleas'd with the Fancy, and was as quiet as a Lamb, to give him the Advantage of getting good hold of her; whilst, alas! her Eyes being fixt to welcome *Argalus*, the Author of all her Joys, *Demagoras* steps in, and salutes her at this untoward Rate: Base Sorcerers, I come to let thee understand how much I condemn thy Charms, that are only dress'd up with Plaint and Disguise. Cou'd thy Prosperity ever flatter thee with the Hopes of Impunity? Thy Mother's Blood cries for Vengeance in a Language that's intelligible enough. Cou'd

thy Design be carried on by no Methods more defensible than the Death of thy own Parent? Must Murther give Enlargement to that vile Adulterer, and bring him to thy Embraces, who, they say, will cover thy Wantonness with the Cloak of Marriage: Nay never struggle for the Matter, here's none at hand that can give thee the least Assistance; Weeping would be far more prudent. There's strange Power in Penitence; if thou'lt throw thy self prostrate, and in that humble Posture confess thy self a repenting Murtherefs, I have a Page whose Affections may, perhaps, be set a-float, and out of the pure Extasy of Love, may consent to Father the *Cyprian* Bastard, if genuine Parent had but the Prudence to get out of the way a little. But this is talking about Impossibilities; I might as well expect the Rock shou'd melt down in Tears. Nay, but Weeping will make thee fair, and give thee such killing Features, that may do Miracles, if they were well manag'd. Weep therefore till the Day of Marriage, that the very Guests may follow thy Example, and behold, as in a Mirror, the Power of Tears. Vile Strumpet, could thy Judgment be so far impos'd upon, as to think I'd blot my Reputation and stain my Honour, by mixing my Blood with thine? Hadst thou design'd to make a Conquest of some easy Groom, the Project had been feasible, see,

ing he might have curry'd Favour with his Master, with such an Instrument as thy self. Thou presumptuous Thing! my Courtship was only the Flash of youthful Passion, and the Heat was soon spent: I had no farther Intention than the Discharge of a little natural Exuberance. Stand therefore prepar'd, for I am ready to take Revenge. Upon this,



he dragg'd her on the Ground by her Locks and Curls; he gag'd her Mouth, lest she shou'd cry to Heaven for Relief. She, in the midst of his Cruelty swooned away, and having besmear'd her Face with Poyson, he left her almost without Life.

When she was a little restor'd, and had gotten her Tongue at liberty, she exclaimed thus. Attend, all ye miserable Harpies, Furies, and malignant Spirits, that inhabit the Land of Darkness, ye that converse

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with unhappy Souls, and dwell with Devils, and all the Shapes of Cruelty, take a particular Survey of them all, and assist me to paint this Monster of Mankind, to characterize the basest Sycophant that ever the Creation bore; and help the Reader, when hee sees this Type of Baseness, to say, *This is he*. Let his Escutcheon be blotted with perpetual Infamy and Reproach, and his Remembrance rac'd out of the Minds of good Men; let Villains only retain the Memory of such a Bug-bear Name, wherewith to fright their little Bastard-brood: O let no Spell be found more potent in Hell's dark Abyss, than the nine Letters of his hated Name, which let our *Cris-Cross-Row* remove out of the Alphabet of Letters.



C H A P. II.

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Argalus coming to his intended Bride, the fair Parthenia finds her, by the Operation of the Poison, a most fearful and deplorable Spectacle. She tells him how she came to be so alter'd; with their mutual Discourses upon that dismal Change.

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Parthenia (as we have already said) left for dead by the curs'd Demagoras, and found soon after, in that wretched Condition, by her Servants; who, only by her Cloaths could not discover it was she; so strange a Metamorphosis had that strong Poi-

Poison made, which the detestable malicious Villain had spread over her Face; and which already had made her the most loathsome Creature in the World. And all the Marriage Guests assembled there, were filled with equal Grief and Admiration at that sad Change which a few Moments had produc'd; the Cause of which, they could not then imagine. However, they remov'd her to her Bed, shutting the Windows close, to keep a Sight so truly loathsome from Beholders Eyes; while in the House was nothing to be seen but a sad Scene of Sorrows.

But hark! am I deceiv'd? or, do I hear the Voice of *Argalus* calling for his *Parthenia*? Yes, yes, 'tis surely he; that Tongue cannot be no Counterfeit. O *Argalus*! thy too-long Staying makes thee come too soon. Hadst thou made a more speedy Return, thou hadst prevented the fatal Deed, and it had never been done. Alas! When Lovers linger, and out-go their promis'd Date, they do they know not what.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about in every Room to find out his *Parthenia*. He asks all where she is, but all are sparing to be the Author's of such dismal News, and dare not tell the Sadness of her Fate; though he might read in ev'ry Face he saw, things were not as they should be. Which makes even *Argalus* as fearful to demand the fatal Cause, as they're afraid to tell him. Faint

would

wou'd he know the Cause, but dares not ask, lest he shou'd hear what he don't care to know; or what, if known, wou'd but increase his Trouble. All Tongues are silent, and he sees each Eye does, like a Blazing Star, portend some Evil. Each Face looks sad, and every private Ear receives no Sounds but Whispers. He walks about as if he were a Stranger, and fears to ask what he desires to know. Fortune at last directed his sad steps into a darkned Room, more dark than Night; which he said scarcely enter'd, but he was welcom'd with the deepest Sigh a breaking Heart cou'd give. He heard one weep, and by the Noise of Groans and bitter Sobs was soon conducted to the Mourner's Bed, not thinking there to find his dear *Parthenia*. What is't, said he, that's here wrapt up in Darknes, to hide those Grievs that do abjure the Light? With that, as if her Heart wou'd there have broke, she fetch'd a Sigh, and said, O ask not who! Urge not my Tongue to make a forc'd Return to your Demand. Alas! It is not I. Not I, said he, what Language do I hear? Tho' Darknes blinds my Eyes, my Ears are open; and I am sure 'tis my *Parthenia's* Voice; a Voice with which I often have been charm'd. What means this Language then, *It is not I!* What can *Parthenia*, not *Parthenia* be? What sudden Ill has taught thee to deny thy self unto thy dearest

est *Argalus*? For what can wretched *Argalus* lay claim to, if his *Parthenia* be not still the same? Can Hills forget their ponderous Bulk, and fly, like wandering Atoms, in the empty Air? Or, can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfil their certain Revolutions, but stand fix'd, and leave their constant Motion for the Wind to inherit? If so, *Parthenia* then may change her Mind: But sooner shall Earth move, and Heaven stand still, than *Parthenia* falsify her Love. Unfold the Riddle then, tell me the Cause those Lips should say, *Alas, it is not I?*

To which she thus reply'd: O do not thou so wrong thy noble Thoughts as once to mention that cursed Name, or let it have a room within thy Breast. Let not a thing so foul be blest with thy last Breath: Let it be held a Sin too great for Pardon, so much as e'er to name it once again: Let Darkness hide it in eternal Night, clad with those Horrors able to affright a desperately wounded Conscience. He that knows not how effectually to curse, let him now practise it upon this Name; let him that wou'd contract the Body of all Mischief, or extract the Quintessence of Sorrow, only claim a secret Priviledge that Name to use: Far be it therefore from thy Language, ever to perpetrate so foul a Sin as once to mention it. Live happy, *Argalus*! Partake not thou of these my Miseries. O forbear to

make

make my Burden greater by the tender Sorrow: Alas! my Heart is strong, and does not need thy needless Help to make me yet more wretched. Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore shou'd thy Heart usurp upon my Stage, and act the Part belonging to *Parthenia*? It is my proper Part: What dost thou mean, that thus, without my License, thou wilt intrude upon that Scene of Misery which I alone must act. Alas! thy Sorrows ease not my Distress, thou sav'st me not one Tear by all thy Weeping: Weeping's a Patent that's assign'd to me; who have engross'd the whole Monopoly of Tears. In me let each Man's Torment find a Period: I am that Sea to which all Rivers tend; the perfect Abstract of unmix'd Sorrow. Let all exhausted Mourners that can weep no longer, come and borrow Tears of me.

And as *Parthenia* spake that Word, his Heart (unable longer to bear a Language so unsufferable) became so swell'd, that it must either break, or find a vent; too weak his Reason grew to oppose his quickned Passion; and therefore, like a Man transported from himself, he thus brake forth:

Accursed Darkness! Thou sad Type of Death, whose Residence is amongst Infernal Spirits, what means thy Boldness to usurp this Place, and force a Night before a Night be come? Go, get thee down, and keep in thy

thy own Bounds, go revel there, and hurl those hideous Mists before those cursed Eyes that take Delight in black Cimmerian Darkness. Return thee to those Regions whence thou cam'st, and hide those Faces whose infernal Flame calls for more Darkness; and whose tortur'd Souls craves the Protection of obscure Recesses, to 'scape the Lashes of eternal Vengeance, and all those horrid Plagues inflicted by infernal Furies. But if thou needs must ramble hereabout, go to some other Climate, and remove thy ugly Presence from our Darkned Eyes, that hate thy Tyranny. Go exercise thy Power in Groves and solitary Springs, where Bats and Owls are the chief Governours. Go to the Groves, and fill those empty Places, that such as slumber in their silent Tombs, may bless thy welcome shades; and rest in dark Oblivion. Or, if thou desire to haunt the Living, retire, and hast into some reclusive Cloyster, there stand between the Light, and those that fain would sin unseen; assist them there, and let thy ugly Shapes give Countenance to close their horrid Treasons. Be nigh those Rooms, and aid all such as fear the Eye of Heaven. Go close the Curtains then. We need thee not, foul Witch; for here thou hid'st a Beauty far more bright than what the Noon of Day can e'er discover.

Avoid

*Avoid then, thou that hast so rudely burl'd
On this dark Bed the Glory of the World.*

So having said, abruptly from the Room away he goes, with Cheeks all pale and wan, his curled Hair starting like Quills of Porcupines, and from his Eyes there flew quick Flashes, like the Flames of Lightning. He calls for Light, which being straitway brought, he presently returns into the Room from whence he came, and as he enter'd in, he started, and, like one amaz'd, he blest himself, three times repeating it; and then in such a Tone, as shew'd the great Disturbance of his Mind, he thus broke out:

Foul Witch, be gone! and let thy dismal Shade forsake this Place: Let thy Dark Fogs obey great *Vulcan's* Charge; in *Vulcan's* Name be gone. Or, if thy stout Rebellion shall disown his Sovereignty, in my *Parthenia's* Name I charm thee hence: And, as he spake the Word, he stept to the sad Bed, and drew the Curtains that were round it clos'd, as if the Darknes had commanded such a Jewel should be hid; When lo, before his wand'ring Eyes, appear'd the truest Picture of Deformity, that e'er the Sun beheld. That lovely Face, that was of late the Shrine of all the Graces, and the matchless Pattern of a perfect Beauty, whose bright all conquering and imperious Eyes, ravish'd where-e'er they look'd, and did o'ercome

the very Souls of Men? of whom even Nature's self became enamour'd, is now become an Object so deform'd, so loath'd, and so disguis'd, as made it evident Darknesse was best to hide that Face which would have fright the World. All this when *Argalus* had well beheld, and found it was no Dream nor airy Phantom, he fell upon the Ground and rav'd and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd; starting at first, then standing still and wond'ring now looking on the Light, and now on her; as doubting whether what he saw was what it seem'd to him: While thus his Thoughts revolv'd in his own Breast, his Passion strove for Vent, and broke that Peace which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded; and thus began to argue with himself;

Have these false Eyes of mine deluded me? Or, have enchanted Mists stept in between the Truth of Things and my abused Sight? No; Mischiefe cannot act so fair a Part as to affright in Jest: It goes beyond the Art of all black Books to mask so sweet a Face with such Disguise. I know that these are Eyes, and this is Light. False Mists could never separate betwixt my poor *Parthenia* and me. Accursed Taper! What infernal Spright breath'd in thy Face? What Fury lighted thee? Thou imp of *Phlegeton*, who let thee in to force a Day before the Morning dawns? Who brought thee hither? I! did I?

What

What lean-chapt Fury did I snatch thee from?
When as this cursed Hand did go about to
bring thee in, why went not out these Eyes?
Let all such Tapers for thy sake be cursed;
nor shine, but at some Vigil or sad Wake:
Nor e'er be seen, but when confounded Grief
calls for thy Help at nightly Funerals. Be as a
May-game for th'amazed Bat to sport at, and
at which the Owls may wonder; still haunt
the Chancels at a Midnight-knell, and from
his Passing-bell affright the Sexton. Give
Light to none but Treasons, and be hid in
their Dark-lanterns; mayest thou never ap-
pear in any Room where Mirth has ought to
do. Attend and wait at some Miser's Table,
that he may curse thee for the Haste thou
makest. O let that flattering Flame thou
feedest burn dim for ever, and consume thy
Stock. Be banished quite from *Cupid's Court*,
and whensoever Lovers pursue their Pleasures,
let your Flames go out. Henceforth be only
useful to burn Day-light; or to attend the
Midnight Cups of such as shall resign with
Usury their undigested Liquor. Why dost
thou burn so clear? Alas! these Eyes discern
too much, thy Wanton Blaze mounts to too
high a Pitch; thou burnest too bright for
such as see no Comfort. Why dost thou vex
me then? Withdraw thy Light; or else my
Breath for ever shall extinguish thee: Not
e'er to be revived, or re-inlightned; but, like
my Joys, be gone, be gone for ever.

D

With

With that, transported with a furious Haste, he blew it out; but lo, that very Blast, (as if design'd to dart a Ray of Hope in his despairing Heart,) revived the extinguished Flame. He stands amazed, and having viewed the Taper, it from him forced a Smile, and thus he spake:

And can the immortal Gods themselves find out a Way for Hope? Can my past Joys revive, like this re-kindl'd Fire? Well, if they do, I'll curse my Lips, bright Lamp, for cursing thee. Eternal Fates, deal fairly; dally not, if your concealed Bounties have designed that my extinguished Hope shall e'er revive, O let me know it; bring it forth to View: But if your Justice has determined to exercise your Vengeance on my Woe, raise not those Hopes that you intend to cast into the bottomless and dark Abyss of dire Despair —— And there he stopp'd, as fearing to molest the silent Peace of her dissembled Slumber: But gaz'd upon her, stood as in a Trance; and sometimes would advance her lively Hand to his sad Lips, then steal it down again: Sometimes a Tear would fall upon't, and then a Sigh must dry it; every Kiss produc'd a Sigh, and every Sigh begat a Tear: He kiss'd, sigh'd, wept, and then would fix his Eyes upon her wounded Face. Then whispering to himself, he thus discours'd:

And were the Sun-beams of these Eyes

too fierce for mortal View. Or, were those
Flames thought too consuming for the a-
maz'd Beholder? Or, did thy Youth make
Treason bolder grow and by a Midnight-
theft to steal more Beauty than the Day cou'd
shew? Or, did that blind and childish God
discern a kind of Twilight from that hea-
venly Eye, which being over-bright, he
sought t'eclipse, by blurring that which else
had blasted him? Or, did the Sea-born
Goddess Queen repine to see her Eyes so
much out-shine her Star; and thereupon be-
ing fill'd with Rage and Envy, sent down a
Cloud t'eclipse so fair a Light? Or, did the
wiser Deities fore-see this likely Danger,
that, when Men should find so bright a
Lamp, fearing they should commit Idolatry,
did thus benight it? Or, did the too too
careful Gods, conspiring a Good for Man,
transcending Man's Desires; and fearing the
Effects of her bright Eyes, gave them a
Wound, lest they should wound too many?
Before the Sound of his last Breath was
gone (her Speech, with a powerful Groan,
being marshalled through the rude Confla-
ence and amazed Crowd of her distracted
Thoughts) her feeble Tongue expresd these
Words. Thus fleet, thus transitory is Man's
Delight, and all poor Earth can give of,
painted Show; nor Wealth, nor Blood, nor
Beauty, can quit that necessary Debt they
owe to Change and Time, but, like a Flower,

they flourish now, that in one Moment fades. The World's composed of Change; all alters, all decays! Nothing stays at the same Point, but, like a Play, every Age concludes her Scene, and departs; and when Time's hasty Hour-glass is run, the Play is ended, and Change is the Epilogue. Who acts the King to Day never blushes to play the Beggar to Morrow. Whose Beauty was adored o'er Night, may, next Day, find a Face like mine, not worth the Scorning. Look where you will, and you'll see nothing constant but Inconstancy.

Most dear *Parthenia*, replied *Argalus*, had thy deceived Eye but stept aside, and looked upon thy *Argalus's* Breast, I know, I know thy Language had declared another Faith; thy Lips at unawares had never let so great a Heresy escape. 'Tis not thy Change of Favour that can change my Heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can alienate my best Affections, so for ever fixt on thee; nothing but Death can sever my Soul and thine. If I had loved thy Face alone, my Fancy long e'er this had given place to fresh Desires, and attended upon new Fortunes. If for thy heavenly Eye I had loved, I might have courted *Titan's* brighter Majesty. If thy Vermilion Lips had ensnar'd my liquorish Thought, a full ripe Cherry, or a blushing Coral might have diverted that; or if the Smoothness of thy arched Brow had charm'd

my Eyes, polish'd Marble might have given as much Content, and equalled that Delight. In brief, had Beauty's bare Epitomy alone pleased *Argalus's* flattered Eye, thy curious Picture might have supplied those Wants more fully than all the World beside: No, no, 'twas neither Brow, nor Lip, nor Eye, nor any outward Excellence urg'd me to love *Parthenia*. It was thy better Part (which Mischief never can wrong) surprized my well-advifed Heart: Thy Beauty, like the Crystal Case, through which the admirable Jewel shined, made me love the incomparable Casket for its more admired sake. No, no, my pointed Eye pierc'd farther in, run deeper than the Skin, else I had now been changed, and that firm Duty I owe my Vows, had faded with your earliest Bloom. Nay, never weep, *Parthenia*, let no Tears e'er bewail that Loss, which a few After-Moments had claimed as due. Cheer up, my Dearest, thou hast but forsaken that, which a little Sickness would have stripp'd you of, perhaps with greater Disadvantage! Or Age, that universal Evil, would have quite obliterated. Beauty's but bare Opinion; it is Fancy gives the White and Red their Privileges; What one Man likes, another can't endure, and what a third most hates a fourth affects as much. What affrights us most, the Negro thinks most fair. If then Opinion is the Touch whereby all Beauty's tryed, *Par-*

thenia out-shines fair *Helen* in my Eye, or whoever's more fair. Chear up then, the Sovereignty of thy Captive Beauty infranches thee, and thy Virtue ennobles all these Stains of thy ill Fortune. Come, what others think concerns us not; a Letter's but a Blot to such as can't read: But to those that can, the fair Impression of a Quill is easily distinguish'd from a heedless Slur. My skilful Eyes discern those Graces in thy Face, that others take to be meer Blemishes. What then delays the Triumphs of our Nuptials? She, tho' wanting Beauty, is the fairest Bride that is adorned with Virtue.

A Bride, said she, and a Bridal Chamber! a Grave's more fit: Death is my Bridegroom, and with a loyal Heart I'll plight my second Faith to welcome Death; and when that joyful Day shall cease these Sorrows, and conjoin with mine, my pale-fac'd Bridegroom's lingring Hand, these Triumphs shall grace that Day.

Time, with his empty Hour-glass, shall lead the Triumph on, moving but slowly with his winged Hoof: After him shall follow the chaste *Diana* with her Virgin-Crew, all crowned with Cypress Garlands: After them, in Rank, the impartial Destinies: Then in a Sable Chariot the Bride shall sit, faintly drawn by harness'd Virgins, veiled all with purest Crape; Despair and Grief shall go, like heartless Bridemaids, upon
either

either Hand. Upon the Chariot shall be plac'd the little winged God, with naked Arm and Bow unbent, his drooping Wings shall cover his bare Knees, his Quiver must be unarmed, and each must extend a Banner, in which, in Characters of Gold (fit for every Eye that runs to read) is writ, *Faith, Love, and Constancy*. Next after, in a discoloured Weed, shall Hope sadly march alone, a slender Wand shall guide her feeble Steps, holding a broken Anchor all besmeared with Sand. And after all, like *Jove's* Lieutenant, the Bridegroom shall bring up the Rear: He shall be mounted on a Coal-black Horse, his Hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed a pierced Heart, wherein a former Wound, which *Cupid's* Javelin made, shall be plainly seen. When as this Triumph shall adorn our Feast, let *Argalus* be invited, and let him bid me Nuptial Joy, from whom alone all my hop'd-for Joy was once expected.

With that, his Blood retiring from his pale Countenance to assist his almost Death-smitten Heart, he thus spoke: Unhappiest of all Men, why do I live? My Rival then is Death. O sad unequal Chance! Had it been Flesh and Blood, I could have grapl'd, and perchance, have struggl'd thro' some stout Encounters; had an Army of mortal Rivals ventured to have cross'd my best Desires, one Thought of my *Parthenia* had given me Power to make that Army flye, like frighted Lambs

Lambs before the Wolf. But thou, before whose Presence all must stoop their servile Necks, what Weapon shall I hold against thy Hand that will not be put by? Great Enemy, whose Kingdom's in the Dust and darksome Caves, thou art just I know, else had the Gods never trusted to thy Hand so great a Priviledge and Jurisdiction over the Lives of Men, to kill and save, even when and whom thou pleasest. O, suffer not *Parthenia's* tempting Moan to move thy Heart; let thy hard-hearted Ears be deaf to all her Suits: If she profess Affection to thee, believe her not; She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymenan Vows have firmly joined our Hearts, though not yet our Hands. Where plighted Faith hath given Possession, presume not thou to dispossess. Be just, and though her briny Eyes lament her Grief with Tears, let not those Tears prevail: Whom Heaven hath joyned, thy Hands may not disjoyn: *Parthenia's* mine, and I *Parthenia's* am. Alas! we are but one; then thou must both refuse, or else take both together.

My dear *Parthenia*, let no cloudy Passion of dull Despair molest thee, or disturb thy better Thoughts, to make thee forgetful, or thy self cruel: Starve not my pining Hopes with longer refusal, my Love hath Wings, and brooks no long Delay; it hovers up and down, and finds no Ease, until it light and pearch upon thy Breast: Torment

ment him not within, these lingring Fires, that's wrackt already on his own Distrusts. Then seal the Bond whereto thy promised Faith hath set thy Hand, and deliver it as thy Deed : O finish now, what so long since our plighted Hearts and mutual Vows begun, that by a Marriage day our yet imperfect and half Pleasures may receive Perfection.

Whereto she thus replies : Had the pleas'd Gods forgiven my Faults, and made me fit for *Jove* to bless at large ; had all the Powers of Heaven (to boast the utmost of their Bounty) bestowed as great Addition to my slender Fortune, as they could give, or covetous Mind wish for ; I vow to Heaven, and all those heavenly Powers, they should that Moment have been all made thine. Nay, had my Fortunes staid at the Rate they were, had I remained as I was, (altho' at best unworthy far of such a peerless Blessing as my *Argalus*) thy dear Acceptance should have filled my Heart as full of Joy, as now it is of Grief. But, as I am, let angry *Jove* shower down his Plagues till all are spent upon me, and when I roar, let Heaven deride my Pains when I match *Argalus* to such a Bride. Live happy, *Argalus*, let thy Soul receive such Blessings as poor *Parthenia* is incapable of giving. Live happy, and let thy Joys never know an End ; may one Blessing still draw on another. O ! may thy better Angel still watch thy Soul, and pitch an e-

verlasting Guard about the Portals of thy tender Heart, and every-where encompass thee with Blessings; let Sorrow, Sickness, and a troubled Breast be Strangers to thee; let them never find thy Heart at home; let Fortune still assign such lawless Guests to those that love thee not; and let those Blessings which shall be wanting to such as merit none, always alight on thee. *

That mutual Faith betwixt us, that of late hath past, I give thee Freedom to transfer to some more fit and more deserving Spouse; I freely quit thy Vows, and give thee Leave; I call the Gods to witness. Nothing shall more bless my Soul, no Comfort can be more truly welcome to me, than (whate'er become of me) to see my *Argalus* so link'd in Wedlock as shall most Augment his true Content and greater Honour.

With that a sudden and tempestuous Tide of Tears o'erwhelmed her Language, and stopt it's Passage; But when Passion's Blood retired, she thus proceeds: You Gods, if you are determin'd to act my Tragedy, why do you injure thus our Patience, and make the Play so long? The Scenes are tedious against all Rules, you dwell too long, too long upon one Part; be brief, and take the Advantage of your Power, one single Maid among so many Gods, and not be conquer'd yet! Conjoyn your Might, and into eternal Night with speed dispatch her
Soul:

Soul: I'll not resist, provided you strike home. Cursed be that Day wherein these Eyes first saw the Light: Let desperate Souls invent a Curse sufficient for it; let the Sun never shine upon it, and let Heaven forbid Success to whatsoever's begun upon that fatal Day, if not to ensnare the Hand that made the Attempt. Why was I born, or being born, did not my fonder Nurse, even whilst my Lips were hanging on her Breast, sing her poor Babe to everlasting Sleep? Then my Infant-soul had never known this World of Grief, beneath whose Weight I sink: No, no, it had not. He that dies in's Bloom, spends a long Business without Loss of Time.

But thus, impatient *Argalus* renews the Onset to a farther Tryal:

Life of my Soul, by whom, next Heaven, I live, and excepting whom, I have no Friend but Death; how can thy Wishes ease my Grief, or help my Misery; whenas thy Hand, and nothing but thy Hand can (tho' yet it refuses to) relieve me? Strange kind of Charity! to wish me well, yet interdict the Means, and forbid me Love's Enjoyments. Why? because beloved. Alas, alas! if I'm unblest in thee, what's all thy Wishing to me? Thy Beauty's gone (thou say'st) why let it go: He that loves for outside Beauty, loves but ill. That's all supplied by my true Love, who never yet was
Slave

Slave to a Complexion: Shall every Day, wherein the Earth does want the Sun's Reflexion, be expell'd the Almanack? Or, shall thy over-curious Steps forbear a Garden because there are no Roses in't? Or, shall the Sun-set of *Parthenia's* Beauty enforce my Judgment, to neglect that which my best-advised Affections owes her sacred Virtue, and my solemn Vows? No, no, it lies not in the Power of Fate to render *Parthenia* unworthy of *Argalus's* Love.

It is as easy for *Parthenia* to prove less virtuous, as for me to start from my firm Faith. The Flame that Honour's Breath hath blown, nothing but Death has Power to quench. Thou gavest me Freedom to choose a fitter Wife; and Freedom to recal, and quit those Vows I took. Who gave thee Licence to dispence with such false Tongues as violated their plighted Faith? Alas! thou canst not free thyself, much less give me such Power. Vows can admit no Change; they still survive all Chance; they bind, they bind for ever. A Vow's a holy Thing, no Breach that's common: The Limits of a Vow is Heaven and Death: A Vow that's past, is like a Bird that's flown out of thy Hand, and can't be recall'd; it dies not, as a time beguiling Jest, as soon as vented; when once 'tis uttered, it lives not in thy Breast, but becomes sacred, and is strait enter'd in the strict and close Record of

Hea

Heaven. It is not like a Jugler's Knot, fast or loose, as pleases us. Since then thy Vows may ne'er be recall'd, recal thy Passion; perform, perform what 'tis too soon to violate, too late to unwish again: Seek not to quit what Heaven denies to unloose. Perform thy Vows to Heaven, thy Vows to me.

Thrice dearer than my Soul, (she thus replies) had my own pampered Fancy guided my Affection, I had, long e'er this, complied with your Request, which would have best gratified my Desires too. I have not basely loved you for my own brutal Pleasure, as Gluttons do their Diet, who dispense with unwashed Hands; I loved not so, my first Desires arose from thy own Worth, and as a sacred Thing I always viewed thee, whom my Zeal won't suffer to prophane with these defiled Hands; 'tis true, Performance is a Debt to Vows, and than a Vow, nothing is dearer: Yet, when the Gods do ravish from our Hands the Means to keep it, 'tis surely a dispensing with it. He that hath vowed to sacrifice at *Juno's* Altar every Day, is bound, and ought to obey; But should it please the Gods to strike him with a leprous Disease, or foul Infection, say, Which is better, to prophane the Altar, or break the Vow? The Case is mine; Where then the Gods approve, we may be bold, and yet give no Offence, admit it were an Evil, to choose the least of necessary Ills, is sure

surely our best Way. The Gods are good, the strict Recognizance of Vows is only taken for the Good of Man; now if that Good prove Ill, we may refuse, our Vows are still intire. I Vow a Marriage; Why? because I intirely affect that Man my Vows are to. But if some foul Disease should intervene betwixt our promised Marriage and our Vows, the strict Performance of those Vows would shew, I wrong, and therefore love not whom I love: Then urge no more, but, betwixt my Love and thee, let my Denial be a sufficient Pledge.

And so she ends: But vehement Desire lends him new Breath; Love makes a Rhetorician. He speaks, he answers, he replies afresh, and stoutly sues; as stoutly she denies, he begs in vain; She still in vain rejects what he still begs. At last, both weary, he adjourns his Suit: For Lovers Days by Turns are good and bad. She bids Farewel, but then, as if both Hearts had but one Motion, they both sigh together. She bids Farewel, but yet she bids it so, as if his going ended her Farewel. He bids Farewel, yet so, as if his Stay promised him better Farewel. At last both Sigh'd, both wept, both kiss'd, and so they parted.

C H A P. III.

Parthenia goes away privately in a Pilgrim's Habit, unknown to Argalus ; who coming to see her, and finding her gone, rides up and down in quest of her, but in vain. And goes to the House of Kalander, whither Parthenia (having been cured at the Court of Queen Helen) comes in Disguise. Her Discourse with Argalus, before she made herself known. Which having done, another Marriage day is appointed.

NOW Argalus is gone, and now alone Parthenia's weeping, and, like the Widow'd Turtle, she bewails the Absence of her Mate. Now her poor Heart is taught what's Heaven by wanting Heaven, and what's Hell, by her own Torment. Sorrow now does play the Tyrant's Part. Affections must submit, and, like a Weather-cock, her various Mind is changed, and turned with every Breath of Air. In desperate Language she deploras her Case, and fain would wish, but then she knows not what. Resolves on this, on that, and then on neither; she fain would fly, but knows not how: At length (consulting Sorrow and Despair, those heartless ill Advisers) she resolved by Flight to seek for Death, and take the Advantage of that Night to steal away. A Pilgrim's Weed from Head to Foot addressed her

her lifeless Limbs; a Thong of Leather blest'd
her wasted Loins; her feeble Feet were shod
with Sandals; a Pilgrim's Rod was in her
trembling Hand. Whenas the illustrious
Sovereign of the Day had now begun his
Circuit to o'ersee his lower Kingdom, having
now left the upper World to *Cynthia's* Govern-
ment, forth went *Parthenia* to begin that
Journey which can only end in Death.

Go hapless Virgin, Fortune be thy Guide,
and thine own Virtues, and whatever else
that may be prosperous; may the Merits
find more Happiness than thy Distress can
hope. Live, and to After Ages be the great
Example of true Faith and Love. Gone, gone
she is, but whither she is gone, the Gods
alone and Fortune can resolve.

To number forth her weary Steps, or to
recount those obvious Dangers that so oft
beset our poor *Parthenia*, or bring her Mife-
ries on to the open Stage; her broken Slum-
bers, her distracted Dreams, her hourly Fears
and Frights, her hungry Fare, her daily Pe-
rils, and her nightly Escapes from ravenous
Beasts, is not my Task.

We leave *Parthenia* now, and our Dis-
course must cast an Eye, and bend her settled
Way to *Argalus*.

When *Argalus*, next Morning, (intending
a visit to his dear *Parthenia*) perceived she
was fled, and not knowing whither, he makes
no Stay even to think, but clapt his hasty
Knees

Knees to his fleet Courser, and away he rides; his Haste enquires no Way, (who knows not where he goes, fears not to lose his Road) one while he pricks upon the fruitful Plains, and then his prouder Reins he gently slackens, and climbs the barren Hills: With fresh Careers he tries the Right Hand-way, and then he turns his Course upon the Left; one while he chooses this Path, when, by and by, his Fancy strikes upon another: Sometimes he wanders among the Springs and solitary Groves, where, on the tender Barks of sundry Trees, he engraves *Parthenia's* Name with his: Then flies to the wild Campaign, his proud Steed throws up the hopeful Fallows with his horned Hoof; he baulks no Way, rides over Hill and Dale, when led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain, he strait dismounts his Steed, begins to quench his thirsty Lips, and after that to bathe his fainting Limbs in that sweet Stream in which *Parthenia's* dainty Fingers oft had been; the Fountain was upon a deep Descent, whose gliding Current, Nature gave Passage through a firm Rock, which to preserve it to After-ages, had been walled and roofed with Stone. *Diana's* Image was plac'd above the Crystal Fountain's Head, tho' of late defac'd; beneath, a rocky Cistern held the Water, sliding it thro' Cocks of Cane, whose curious Current the World's greater Eye ne'er view'd but in its Mid-day Glo-

Glory. It was that Fountain where, in former Days, poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural Rhymes, and left them closely hid for his hard marble-hearted *Phyllida* to find. And Rites performed, his Steed he mounts, and his lost Time with a new Speed redeems, and with a fresh Supply renews his Progress, none knows whither; and brooking no Delay, pursues his vowed Adventure, (his Mind as doubtful as his Road) he Journies on, he left no Course unthought; no Traveller unasked; no Place unexamined.

To make a Journal of each obvious Chance, each Circumstance and Change of Fortune that beset his tedious Travel; to relate the brave Attempt of this or that Exploit, his rare Achievements, and their fair Success, his noble Courage in the greatest Extremity, his desperate Dangers, his Deliverances, his high Esteem with Men which did inance his meanest Actions to the Throne of *Jove*, and what he suffered for *Parthenia's* sake, would make our Volume endless, apt to tire the utmost Patience of a studious Eye: All which the Bounty of a free Conceit may sooner reach to, than my Pen rehearse.

But still bright *Cynthia's* Head had three times thrice repaired her empty Horns, and filled the World with her great Globe of Light, this restless Lover ceased not Night nor Day, to wander in a solitary Quest to find her out, whose Love had taught to wade

wade through the Dregs of Sorrow, and to count all Joys but Follies, weighed with her at least.

It hapned now that twice six Months were run, since wandring *Argalus* first undertook his toilsome Progress, who had spent in vain a Year of Hours, and yet no Success, when Fortune brought him to a goodly Mansion, walled round about with Hills, yet not greater than pleasant, and less curious than strong, yielding as much Delight as Strength, whose only Outside did discover the Master's Judgment, and the Builder's Care: All round the Castle, Nature had lavished the Bounties of her Treasure; about the well-fenced Meadows, filled with Summer's Pride, was well secured the promised Provision for approaching Winter: Near which the neighbouring Hills, well stocked with Milk-white Flocks, did severally yield their Blessings, and deserv'd Return to painful Husbandry, that Child of Peace. It was *Kalander's* Seat, the lost *Parthenia's* late deceased Mother's Brother: He was a Gentleman, whom vain Ambition never taught to undervalue the Quality of private Gentry; who preferred the Love of his respected Neighbours beyond the Apish Congies of the unconstant Court: Ambitious, not of a great, but a good Name; beloved of his Prince, yet not depending so upon his Favours as to be always waiting on his Person;

son; and in brief, too great within himself for Fortune's Hand to wrong. Thither came wan'dring *Argalus*, and met as great Content, as one bereft of all his Joys, cou'd take; or he, that could strive to express the greatest Welcome, tell you: His richly furnish'd Table rather shewed a common Bounty than a curious Feast; where the choice of precious Wines were serv'd to you in liberal sort, not urg'd, but freely offer'd. The careful Servants duly did attend, no need to bid them come or go: Each knew his Place and Office, and cou'd tell his Master's Pleasure in his Master's Eye. But what can relish a distemper'd Taste? Can the choicest Entertainment please a sick Palate? No, there's no Satisfaction can arrive to *Argalus*, whose constant Soul is bent to tire his Thoughts. *Kalander's* Love, that at others times would ravish, cannot stir that fixed Heart which Passion now engages to abjure all Pleasures, and forswear all Delights.

It fortun'd on a Day that, having din'd, *Kalander* and his noble Guests intending to exchange their Pleasure in the open Air, a Messenger came in, and told him, he was sent to recommend a noble Lady to him, near of kin to fair Queen *Helen*, whose unskilful Guide had mislead her, that she is forc'd to crave to be your bold, tho' unknown Guest to Night, and by his Help to be in-

inform'd to find that Way to Morrow which to Day she lost. *Kalander*, whose Ambition was always to express the bounteous Extent of his free Treat, and therefore, glad of the Opportunity, thus returns the Salutation, and withal promises Welcome to so fair a Guest. Forth with his noble Friends he goes (all but poor pensive *Argalus*) who confines his secret Fancy to his private Thoughts) mounted on their prancing Steeds to meet his fair and unexpected Stranger, at whose first Sight, *Kalander* stands as one amaz'd for he suppos'd it was *Parthenia*, and therefore thus accosts her: Madam, said he, if these mine aged Eyes retain that wonted Srength which Age forbids to many of my Years, I should be bold in viewing you, to say I see Niece *Parthenia*'s Face, nor, by your Leave, can I perswaded be but you are so.

Thrice noble Sir, said she, perhaps you wrong the fair *Parthenia* by your Mistake, and too much honour me, that am more fit to be her Foil than Picture, if my Judgment fail me not; yet have many an Eye (she having been absent) given the like Sentence; nay, I have been told, my own have often been mistaken in distinguishing us.

Said the *Kalander*, If my rash Judgment hath made a Fault, mine Error shall await your gracious Pardon: It seems I was not deceiv'd alone, and whosoe'er should view

Par-

Parthenia's Visage, would be equally, and full as much mistaken.

But, Madam, for her sake, and for yours too, whose Worth may challenge to itself alone, more Service than *Kalander* can express, y'are truly welcome; enter and accept this Castle as your own, which can be blessed in nothing more than in so fair a Mistress.

With this Reply the Lady entred then: Let everlasting Joys be multiplied within these gentle Gates, and let them stand to Aftertimes, as everlasting Monuments of the rare and beauteous *Arcadian* Hospitality: Let Strangers, passing by, bless the succeeding Heirs that shall descend from such a Lord, from such a noble Patron.

Whenas a little Respite had repaired her weary Limbs, which Travel had discomposed, the Freeness of the Occasion did offer new Subjects to discourse, wherein they spent no little Time. Among the rest, *Kalander* wou'd (though often stopt with Tears) relate the Love of *Argalus* and his lost *Parthenia*, whose undissembled Passion moved a general Grief; the more they heard of his sad Tale, the more they wish'd it ended.

Madam, said he, although your Visages do not, yet may your Fortunes disagree, poor Girl! And as he spake that Word, his Eyes let fall a Tear.

Says then the Lady, My Soul doth suffer

for

For *Parthenia's* sake : But tell me, Sir, did *Argalus* leave her whom he so much loved ? Where, and how hath he spent his Days ever since ?

Madam, he answers, when his Marriage-day drew near, Mischief, that now grew watchful, played her studied Master-piece, and, with an ugly Leprosy, did so disguise her beauteous Face, that she became a Terror to her own self. But *Argalus*, the great Example of truest Constancy, whose loyal Heart, not guided by his Eyes, disdained to recede from his past Vows, and in despite of Fortune pursued his fixed Desires, and did endeavour the intended Marriage nevertheless. But she, whom Reason had now taught to dislike such distracted Thoughts, stands deaf and mute, and at the last, to avoid his farther Importunity, not making any privy to her Intention, she quits her House, and steals away by Night. But, Madam, whenas *Argalus* perceived that she was fled, and being quite disappointed of his just Hope, poor Lover ! he assays by toilsom Pilgrimage to end his Life, or find her out. Now twice six Months have run their tedious Courses, since he first attempted his fruitless Journey, ranging up and down, and suffering as many Sorrows as one Year could send, and made by those Extreame unapt for Travel, Fortune brought him hither, where he as yet remains, till Time recover

cover his wasted Body fit to prosecute his discontinued Progress, and renew his great Inquest for her, who at first Sight, Madam, you seem'd to be.

So said the Lady, from whose tender Eyes some Drops did slide, whose Heart did bear its equal Part with both their Sorrows, said, And is there then in Men such unexpected Constancy?

Most Noble Sir, If my too rash Desires may be dispens'd withal, without the Danger of too great a Boldness, I shou'd desire to see this Noble Lord, in whose rare Mind more Honour dwells than in whole Greece, or all the World beside. I have a Message to him, and am unwilling to do it, were I not engag'd by Oath.

To which *Kalander*, not in Words, but Deeds, applies himself to give a Satisfaction to her propounded Wish; nor any longer does delay the Time, but hastes to *Argalus*, who soon comes down; and Salutation given and receiv'd, she thus accosts him.

My Noble Lord, Whereas the loud resounding Trump of shrill mouth'd Fame hath noised your Worth abroad, and magnify'd your Name above all others: O let your Goodness now make that Report appear to be well grounded; that I my self may, by Experience, know that I have only the Happiness, as yet, to hear from others: And if the Frailty of a Woman's Wit shou'd chance

chance to offend, be noble, and forgive it. Then know, most noble Lord, my native Place is *Corinth*, of the self-same Race and Blood with fair Queen *Hellen*, in whose Royal Court I had my Birth and Breeding. To be brief, Thither, not many days ago, there came (except the Name, disguis'd and changed in all things) the rare *Parthenia*, so in Shape transform'd, deform'd in Face, and altered in her Features, that in my own weak Judgment, all this Region could hardly shew a Spectacle more loathsome; long was it e'er her oft-repeated and solemn Protestations could awake my over-dull Belief, that it was she; until at last some private Passages that heretofore had only been transacted between me and *Parthenia*, gave me a full Assurance it could be none but she. And then she had from me as a kind a Welcome as Souls so sad as her's and mine, for such a dismal Change, could either give or take. So like we were in Face, in Speech, in Stature, that whoso'er saw one, did in that one see both: And yet were not our Forms so much alike, as our Afflictions: one Sorrow serv'd us both; and so our Joy: Our Grievs and Joys were equally the same. We often spent much private time together; and neither hardly was herself without the other's Company: The strange Occurrences of her dire Misfortune she oft discours'd, which still as often drew Tears from my Eyes to when

her sad Misfortunes; for by a secret in bred Sympathy I was a true Partaker of her Miseries. But as she spake, the Accent of her Story would always point to the eternal Praise of your admired Constancy; which whosoever shall in After-ages presume to hear, without admiring it let him be abdicated from all Mankind, and proclaim'd Rebel to all virtuous Actions; yea, let his Name be branded with Dishonour to all succeeding Ages. But ah! what Simples is there can be found by *Æsculapius* his mighty Skill to stanch so true a Lover's bleeding Heart? or, What can be applied by Humane Skill, to turn the Course of Love's Phlebotomy! Love is a secret Fire inspir'd by Heaven, which, when it has no Hopes to feed upon, works on the very Soul, and does torment the inmost Parts of Man, which wasted in the Conflict, often shrinks beneath that Burden that's too heavy for him. All this your poor *Parthenia* too well knows, whose Bedrid Hopes not having Power to quell the raging Fury of extream Despair, she languished, and not able to overcome the Will of her victorious Passion, cry'd out, *My dearest Argalus, Farewel*: And so resigned her precious Life to Fate.

My Lord, not long before her latest Breath had freely paid to Death its full Arrear, she call'd me to her, whilst her dying Hand fast holding mine; within her Eyes there stood a Shower of unwept Teas; and in my Ears

the whisper'd so, that all the Room might
 heard it, *Sister*, said she, for so she call'd me
 still, and all that saw us, guess'd us to be
 such, *The last Sand of my poor Life is almost
 now run out. Those Joys I once thought Heaven
 ordain'd for me, to thee I here bequeath; possess
 them freely. And when sweet Death shall clar-
 ify my Thoughts, and from the Dregs of all my
 Faults shall drain them, do thou enjoy them free
 from all their Dross; and let thy prosperous
 Voyage be addressed to the fair Port of Arga-
 lus, and in his Breast cast Anchor. For by
 this dying Breath, nothing can please me bet-
 ter, nor make my Joys more perfect after
 Death, than to behold a Marriage, consummate
 betwixt my dearest Argalus and thee. This
 Ring, the Pledge betwixt his Heart and mine,
 I give to thee, as freely as he gave it me. And
 with it to thy faithful Heart surrender my sa-
 cred Vows, and all the Right and Title that ever
 I have had in such a Blessing. Go to him then,
 and in my Name conjure him, That what soever
 Love he bare to me, that he to thee transfer
 the very same; which granted, live thou happy,
 constant, and loyal. And as she spake that
 Word, her Voice did change, her Breath
 grew cold, her Tongue began to falter, and
 could proceed no farther, but lay as in a
 Trance, till on a sudden she forc'd her Lan-
 guage to the heighth, and saying, *Farewel,*
*my dearest Argalus, and dy'd.**

And now, my Lord, altho' this Office be

unsuited to my Sex, and disagree too much perhaps with that too mean Condition of my poor State, and so is far more like to be derided, than to find Acceptance, yet since it was *Parthenia's* last Desire, her extraordinary Merits may excuse this Breach of Custom. Wherefore, incited by her dear Direction, my own Desires, and by the Excellency of your transcendent worth, I here present you with a faithful Heart, a Heart devoted wholly to your Service; and which proposes in itself no Happiness, but in the being yours; which makes me hope you will my Boldness pardon; since, if a Fault, 'tis but a Fault in Love. And why should Custom do our Sex that Wrong, to take away from us the Privilege of the disclosing of our Affections, and telling our own Tales? She that's in Pain has a sufficient Warrant to seek out for what she knows would be a certain Cure to ease her of her Grief. Then give me leave, my Lord, to reinforce a Virgin's Suit; and to think ne'er the worse of proffer'd Love; but freely to accept what I so freely give.

So ending, Silence did enlarge her Ear to hear his gracious Words with quick Attention. But *Argalus*, whose Passion had spoil'd his amorous Courtship, returned no Answer till his trickling Eyes had shed some Tears as earnest of the rest that were to follow for *Parthenia's* Obsequies, when his beloved Privacy would give them leave. True

Grief

Grief abhors the Light. He truly grieves, who grieves without a Witness. His Passion thus willingly suspended; he from his Eyes wip'd off his briny Tears, and turning to the Lady, thus replied :

Madam, Your no less rare than noble Favours, declare how much you merit, and how much I owe your great Desert, which claims more Thankfulness than my poor Dearth of Language can express. But most of all, I stand for ever bound to you for that great Goodness my *Parthenia* found from you in Distress; in which respect I ever shall esteem you (as, to speak more Truth, I am in Duty bound) the Flower of noble Courtesy : For which I ever shall proclaim your high Deservings. Lady, as I am a poor unhappy Wretch, the very Scorn of all Prosperity, distress'd, forlorn, unworthy of the least Favour you can give, I, whilst I live, will be your Slave and Beadsmen. But for this weighty Matter you propound, altho' I see how much it would contribute to my great Happiness; yet, noble Lady, Heaven knows I can't dispose of my own Thoughts, nor have I the least Power to do what else you needed not persuade me to. For, trust me, were this Heart of mine my own, to part withal, according to my Pleasure, none but your self should challenge it. But 'twas long since so given to *Parthenia*, I neither can nor will revoke the Grant.

To which she thus replied, Most noble Sir, Death having made a sad Divorce between you, hath now returned to you your Heart again, dislink'd that sacred Chain, dissolv'd those Vows which tyed your Souls. Nay, more, her dying Breath bequeath'd your Heart to me, which Death has made a Debt, that now your self is bound to pay. Then know, my Lord, the longer you refuse to pay the Legacy she has bequeath'd, the longer, by your Means, she is deprived of her desired Rest.

To this, after some Pause, distressed *Argalus* return'd this Answer :

Incomparable Lady, When first of all, by Heaven's divine Appointment, we lov'd, we lik'd, we link'd our dear Affections with solemn Oaths in Presence of the Gods, we both exchanged our Hearts; which, to confirm, I gave, and she received the Ring which now you wear, by which she did resign her Heart to me, and, in exchange, I gave my own to her : Now, Madam, by a mutual Commerce my exchanged Heart is not my own, but hers; which if it, to survive her, had the Power, she being dead, what Heart have I to give ? Or, if that Heart expired in her Death, she could bequeath no Heart at all to you. In her my dear Affection first began, in her it lived, in her it had Perfection. In her it joy'd, altho' since cross'd by Fate; and as in her's began, in her it

end-

ended. If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd *Parthenia's* Beauty, I might have been persuaded to moderate my Sorrow, and have given that Love to you, which have *Parthenia's* Face. But 'twas *Parthenia's* self I lov'd and love; which, as not Time nor Change can e'er dissolve, so neither Fate nor Death can e'er destroy.

She, half enrag'd, made him this Return, her Countenance being cover'd with Frowns and Smiles, Shall I thus be disgrac'd, and suffer this Denial? Are these the signal Favours I expected? Shall I have nothing but a Repulse at Parting?

Most noble Lady, said he, if my Words don't suit your Expectation, impute them only to the Misery of my Condition, which makes my Tongue out-run my Understanding, and say the things I know not. Mistake not a raving Lover, that only studies how to oblige and honour you. All the Joys, alas! that ever I received at the Hand of Fortune, are all of 'em buried and sleep in the Grave of dear *Parthenia*, with whom e'er long I am sure to meet, and never to part more.

This said, she flew with winged haste into his Bosom, and clasp'd him within the Folds of her Arms; weeping for Joy, till Tears had stopt her Speech; and when she had recover'd Breath, wou'd weep again. Just as oft have I seen an *April* Shower send down its hasty Bubbles, and then stopp'd;

then storms afresh, thro' whose transparent Drops the unobscur'd Lamp of Heaven, conveys the brighter Beams of his refulgent Glory: So there resid'd in her blushing Cheeks a mixt Aspect, 'twixt Smiles and Tears divided so evenly, and with a Poise so equal; that it was hard for a Man to say, whether she wept and smiled, or smiled and wept; holding him fast, and, like a fainting Lover that had a License to reveal her Passion: Since then, said she, thy Heart is not for me, give it to her for whom thou still hast kept it. Come, dearest *Argalus*, and take in me thine own *Parthenia*, for I am thine:

*Believe in Love, these are no false Alarms;
Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thine Arms.*

Like some poor Beggar-man, who pinching Wants implores Relief each Day from Door to Door; yet, from uncharitable People hears no Tidings but of Beadles and their Whips, but finds by chance some unexpected Treasure, which he takes up, and is so overjoyful, and so transported, that he scarce believes so great a Truth, and dares not trust his Eyes, but fears it is some Illusion or flatt'ring Dream. So *Argalus* amazed at the News, fain would believe, but dares not trust his easy Faith too soon, for fear a Disappointment should increase his Grief; and therefore to his Heart, he by
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Degrees imparts the happy Truth; until at last, stopt by his Passion, falling on his Knees, he thus began:

O ye eternal Powers! that have the happy Conduct of our Souls, who can do that by your Prerogative, which 'tis a Sin for Man to dive into, whose undiscover'd Actions are too deep for Mortal Thoughts, either to enquire, or ask a Reason of 'em. Delude not my poor Eyes with the false Shew of such a Blessing I must ne'er enjoy, but in a Dream: yet, if it be a Dream, O let me never wake again to see my self deceiv'd, and have my Grief redoubled.

Much more he uttered to the same Effect; then blest himself, and with a Sigh unbended his aching Knees, and rising from the Ground, he cast his rolling Eyes about, and saw the Room quite empty, and himself alone; the Door half closed, and his *Parthenia* vanished. This made his Passions grow into Extreams: I knew, said he, 'twas but a flattering Vision, a Minute's Joy, a Flash blown by the Fancy, full of pleasing Trouble; which waking, breaks, and empties into Air, and breaths a fresh Despair into my Soul. I knew 'twas nothing but a golden Dream; which waking, makes my Misery much more great; because, when waking, I shall never enjoy. O where! O where! my dear *Parthenia*, tell me, art thou that so deludest mine Eyes and Ears? O that my waken'd Fancy could in-

deed

deed but represent unto my real Sight what my deceived Eyes beheld, that so I, with Excess of Joy might end my Life. — With that the fair *Parthenia*, whose Desire was all this while to try his Constancy, stept in, and said, Then *Argalus*, here, take thy true *Parthenia*; now thou dost not dream. Behold this Ring, whose Motto does unfold the Constancy of our divided Hearts: Behold these Eyes, that for thy sake have wept a World of Tears, unpitied, unlamented: Behold this Face, that had of late the Power to curse all Beauty, yet itself secure. Witness the Taper, whose prophetick Snuff was with one Puff extinguish'd and reviv'd. And that my Words my dull Belief may whet, 'twas I that roar'd beneath the Scourge of Grief, when thou didst curse the Darkneis for concealing my Face, and then the Taper for discovering of it; so foul my Face was grown. 'Twas I that overcome with violent Despair, continued deaf to all thy Persuasions. It 'twas that in thy Absence did resolve to die a wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led by Fortune to my Death: But see the Powers above can work their Ends in spite of Mortals. Whate'er Man designs, the Heavens dispose as they see fit, and order all Events: For when my Thoughts were desperately fixed to mine own Ruin, I was led by Fate (through Dangers, now too tedious to describe) to fair Queen *Hellen's* Court,

Court,

Court, not knowing to what Place my unexpected Steps were guided. Thither my Genious brought me; where, unknown to all, I mourned in Silence; tho' observed by many, relieved by none; until at length they told the fair Queen *Hellen* of my strange Complaint, whose noble Heart did truly sympathize with mine in my Afflictions; and filled with Pity, strongly did importune to tell the Cause of my disastrous Fate; and never rested till she did enforce these Lips of mine to acquaint her with the Whole. Which done, her gracious Pleasure did commit me to her Chirurgion's Care, unto whose skilful Hand she left my foul Disease, whose Sovereign Skill in twenty Days restored to me this Face. The Cure once perfected, she sent about, tho' without my Knowledge, to find the Party out, for whose dear sake I was contented to endure such Grief with unrepented Patience: Hoping, since by her Means, and help of Art, my Face was cured, even so to cure my Mind, and take away the Cause of all my Sorrow. But when the welcome Messenger returned, and found the happy Place of thy Abode, O how my Heart burned with Desire to kiss her Hand, and so to leave the Court! But she whose Royal Favours did exceed what I can say, as much as they transcended my Deserts) detained me for a while, as loth to part with her poor Handmaid: Till at last, pretending a Lover's

Haste; which she soon understood, presently complied with my Desires, and sent me thus attended: Where, under a false Mask, I laid this Plot, to see whither my *Argalus*, did yet remember his supposed dead *Parthenia*; but happy I, to hear what I have heard, and what none else must hope to hear beside me. Now farewell Sorrow, and let black Despair go seek new Guests. No Mischief shall hereafter dare to invade our Hearts. For *Argalus*, shall now enjoy his true *Parthenia*, whilst she revives him; and we will both bless Heaven for this our happy unexpected Meeting.

With this the well nigh broken-hearted Lover, surprized with two much Joy, began to vent what his long-silent Tongue could hardly speak: And to those Eyes behold once more what deep Despair denyed 'em e'er to hope for! To see this fair, this lovely Face, to see the fair *Parthenia's* Face once more! And is there so much Happiness yet left for a poor broken Heart, a Heart deprived of Power to enjoy what Heaven had Power to give! And does *Parthenia* live and breathe again!

Whoever saw the Pole-affecting Magnet, approach the Embraces of the neighboring Steel, by the unknown and mutual Law of Nature's secret Working, strive each to be attracted to the other, until they joyn and touch; just so this Pair of greedy Lovers meet,

meet, both strongly charm'd in each the o-
thers Arms; sealing afresh with numerous
ardent Kisses the new-confirm'd Patent of
their approaching Happiness.

To tell you all the tender Things that
pass'd between this Happy Pair at this bless'd
Meeting, wou'd take more room than I have
here to spare. Let it suffice only in brief
to say, That there was all the Endearments
pass'd between 'em, that Love and Honour
wou'd admit. Nor will I undertake to tell
the Joy the brave *Kalander* took to find his
Niece under the Covert of a disguis'd Stran-
ger: It is enough to say, that these first
Transports being past, another Marriage-
day was fix'd upon: To which ('causes he be-
fore was disappointed) I will presume once
more t'invite my Reader.

*Whilst he in hearty Consort joins with me
To pray, it may far more propitious be.*

The End of the Second Book.

T H E

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Argalus and Parthenia.

The Third Book.

C H A P. I.

Argalus is married to Parthenia. The Magnificence of the Solemnity at large described; with the Mask, Speeches, and other extraordinary Entertainments, used upon that happy Occasion.

WHen once 'twas known in brave
Kalandar's House, that the fair
Stranger late arriv'd there, was
his lost Niece, the fair *Parthenia*, and *Argalus*
in her had found a Remedy for all those
Griefs that had so long oppress'd him; it
caus'd a Joy so great and universal, that may
far better be perceiv'd than express'd. It put
new Life in all the noble Family, and ev'ry
thing look'd with another Air. All Wits
were set on work for quaint Devices to grace
the happy Nuptials of that happier Couple,
the constant *Argalus* and fair *Parthenia*. For
they once more had fix'd a Time for the
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Y Compleating of their Happiness; and fear'd no fatal Interruption now from Hell's chief Emissary, the accurs'd *Demagoras*; who now was ready to burst with Envy at the Disappointment of all his villanous and treacherous Artifices.

A. And now at last the happy Day is come, and 'tis high time to bid the Bridegroom Joy. Hail, noble *Argalus*, the Cock-boat now stands ready for thy Landing; thou may'st securely now stand forth, and take thy fairest Bride into thy close Embraces, and strike up *Cupid's* fresh Alarms upon her melting Lips. Take tole at least, before thou settest her dainty Foot upon the happy Shoar: Then lead her to the Bed of Love and Honour. Go, happy Pair, and let the Morning Sun gild your Delights, and spend his earliest Beams upon your Marriage Triumphs. Let his flaming Chariot move to the Westapace, and make it Night some Hours before the usual Time be come. And let a Confluence of Joy attend the faithful Bridegroom and his fairest Bride. Let your own Virtues light you to your Rest, while we wait at your celebrated Nuptials. And may each Moment of our happy Lives be all as calm as was the peaceful Night, that usher'd in your long-expected welcome Wedding-day. In which no Breath of Wind had Power to stir the Aspin-leaf, nor urge the aspiring Smoak. Sweet was the Air, and clear; no
Star

Star was hid, nor envious Cloud was stirring; whilst round about in each resounding Grove, (as if the winged Choristers of Heaven had strove t'excel) the warbling *Philomela* vies and compares by turns her Polyphonian Notes with all the rest.

But now the pale-faced Empress of the Night had surrendered up her borrowed Lustre, and to the lower World had now withdrawn, attended with her lesser Train of Fires; and early *Hesper* shot his golden Head to usher *Titan* from his Bed of Purple; and grey-eyed *Janitor*, does now begin to open his *Eastern* Portals, and let the new-born Day into the World; and see the dewy cheek'd *Aurora*, does already unfold her Purple Curtains, richly befringed with Gold; whilst the illustrious *Phæbus* now is risen from the soft Pillow of his Crocean Bed, and with his all-discerning Eye surveys the gladfom Earth, and with his chearful Rays new guilds the Mountains. Now, now it is that the long-waking *Argalus*, who only blam'd the Night for having made her Shades too long, salutes the Morning-light, whose happy Day shall crown his Joys, and give him all his Wishes.

And thou, fair Bride, more beauteous than the Day, thy Day is come; hark how *Hymen* calls! Wake then, and rouse thee from thy downy Slumbers! O may thy Joys out-vye the Numbers of Arithmetick,
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and far exceed thy Minutes that are past, and to ensue. Arise, and bid thy Maiden-head farewell. Put on thy Nuptial-robcs, and now appear in all thy Virgin gayety to Day. And may from hence thy Happiness take Date, and every Day that shall succeed, encrease it.

By this Time *Phæbus* with redoubl'd Splendor, had half way mounted to the highest Story of the Olimpick Palace, thence to behold this long expected Day's Solemnity: When on a sudden, there was heard from every Quarter the majestick Sound of many Trumpets, all in a Confort founding one Point of War, transcending far the Skill of Mortal Blasts; and, what did seem more strange, the shrill-mouth'd Musick did as suddenly alter to Dorick Strains, to sweet mellifluous Airs, and then to Lyrick Songs, and Voices like to those that charmed *Ulysses*; and whilst the amazed Ear stood ravished at these Changes, it might hear those Voices transformed to Lutes, Sackbuts, Shalms, Flutes, and Cornets, each one surpassing all the Skill of Man; and all this Harmony lasted until the Bridegroom came: But all were filled with Admiration, at the wondrous Noise; some thinking it was one thing, some another; some fancied that the Thunder was set to a new Tune; whilst others that were wiser, conceived it was the Musick of the Spheres; all wondered, all
Men

Men gaz'd, and all could hear it, but none could tell from whence the Musick came. Forthwith, as if a second Sun had rose, and strove with greater Brightness to eclipse the Glory of the first, the Bridegroom came, Fame ushering him along with Eagles Wings; whose twice Five hundred Months, did at one Blast inspire a thousand Trumpets. His Nuptial Robe was of a Scarlet Dye, so deep, that a weak Eye could hardly view it. Which Art had also much improved by the ingenious Labours of the Needle; express'd in great Variety of curious Fancies; for there you might see a rising Sun imbossed with purest Gold; from whence ten thousand Trails of Gold came down in waving Points, like Rays from *Phæbus* in his brightest Lustre.

Thus from his Chamber did the Bridegroom come, and passed through the amazed Multitude, until he was by Heralds brought into a stately Hall, where the *Arcadian* Nobles waited for him, to welcome his Approach, and to discharge the louder Volleys of their hearty Joys. The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and strewed with all the fine variegated Tapestry of *Flora*, the Walls were richly clad with Arras Hangings, such as proud *Greek* had never seen before. In which (which was its Excellency) was wrought to the Life of the Story of these Lovers; which, like a silent Chronicle, displayed the several

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Passages that had beset 'em, from their first Meeting to their Nuptial-day; devised and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*, presented by 'em to adorn this Triumph, devoted to the Memory and Fame of *Argalus* and his *Parthenia*.

No sooner were the Ceremonies ended, which passed between the Bridegroom and the *Arcadians*, but on a sudden there was heard a Shout of rudely mingled Voices throughout the spacious Castle, of which nought was distinctly heard but this, *Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride*. And then, as if Heaven's high Olympick Hall had been set open, and Goddeses had meant to intermarry with the Sons of Men, or else came down to grace these happy Nuptials, a glorious Show of Ladies, all arrayed in rich and costly robes, adorned with many Jems of an unvalued Price, enter'd the Hall in more than Princely State, all hand in hand, each one still looking backwards, as if the greater Sight was still behind. Next after them, came in the Virgin Crew in Milk-white Robes; Virgins that had no Knowledge o'th' Sacred Mysteries of the Marriage-bed, nor were their Maiden-heads a Burden to 'em; so far from that, that they had never lent one single Thought to Nuptial Joys till now. Thus past the Buds of Nature on by Pairs, whilst, with a careless Art, their long-dishevell'd Tresses dangled down, while

on each Head a Crown of Laurel stood. Their
 beauteous Faces cover'd with a Vail, seem'd
 like the clouded Stars.

Have ye beheld in a cold Winter's Night,
 when all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Hea-
 ven are fully kindled, how the ruddy Face
 of rising *Cynthia* looks? With what a Ma-
 jesty she views the Throne of Darkness; and
 ascends the Olympick Brow: So after all
 these Sparks of Beauty, came the fair *Par-
 thenia*; thus the lovely Bride entered the
 Hall, hiding her blushing Face under the
 Covert of a Milk-white Vail; which, never-
 theless could not forbear disclosing some
 Glimps of Red, like Lawn o'er-spreading
 Roses. The Garments that shew'd, were
 made of Purple Silk, all o'er bespangled
 with Stars of purest Gold; and round a-
 bout each Star was interwove a Flower of
 Oriental Pearl, so rarely wrought, that as her
 Garments moved, you would have thought
 the Stars themselves had twinkled; her dis-
 shevell'd Hair hung down behind, as if their
 only Business had been to reconcile Neglect
 and Art; for as they loosely hung, they
 seem'd to vail the hindmost Part of her il-
 lustrious Robe; but yet each Breath would
 wave it to and fro, like flying Clouds,
 through which you might discover some-
 times the glimmering Stars. Thus on they
 went, her splendid Train supported by thrice
 three Virgins of one Sort or Size.

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Forthwith the Bridegroom rises from his Chair, an bowing, sacrifices to his Bride the peaceful Offering of a Morning-kiss on her fair Lips; which done, each noble, brave Arcadian came, and with a Posture full of Princely Grace, salutes the lovely Bride, with Words expressing the Satisfaction that they all receiv'd to see that happy Day.

But hark! The Hymen an Trumpet now sent its last Summons forth. *Hymen* attends the noble Pair, and is prepared to yoke their promised Hand; with Mirth and Frankincense the Sacred Altars do already smoke, and all the Way is strewed with *Flora's* Pride; whilst the expecting Crowd have thronged the Streets, and every greedy Eye attends to see this Triumph pass along.

At length the Gates flew open, and the Solemnity began first with a Proclamation, to this Effect:

If any Person, either Lord or Knight, or of what either Degree soever, professing Arms or Honour in this Kingdom, that at this Time can challenge or pretend a Title to Parthenia's Heart, or claim a Right or Interest in her Love or Name, let him come forth in Person, appear by noble Proxy, if he be not present. And by the Honour of a noble Knight he shall receive that Right and Satisfaction which a just Sword can give. But let him now come forth and speak, or else for ever hold his Tongue. This

This Proclamation was read three times in a solemn manner, and no one appearing, the Trumpet of Honour's Eagle-winged Herald, Fame, was also three times sounded, with so strong a Blast, as almost shook the very Earth's Foundation.

Then followed next the noble Bridegroom *Argalus*; and on his Right Hand waited the God of War in Martial Robes of Green, all stained with bleeding Hearts, as though they had but just been wounded, the Blood still seeming to trickle on the Ground; and as his Garments moved, each dying Heart would seem to pant awhile. Upon the Bridegroom's Left Hand attended *Mercury*, Heaven's Pursuivant; whose brawny stretched out Arm discovered a winged Caduce; he had scarce the Strength to curb his Feet, his Feet were winged for Flight. Above his Head their Hands did jointly hold a Crimson Canopy richly emboss'd with Gold. Next them there followed forty famous Nobles, brave Men at Arms, whose Names the Trump of Fame had sounded through the World for rare Exploits, and twice as many worthy Knights, whose Blood had ransomed and redeemed the Rights of wronged Ladies. These were all array'd in Robes of Needle-work so rarely wrought, that he who sees them, fancies he beholds Armor of Steel well filleted with Gold; each Knight before him, as he march-

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times ed along, having his Squire, bearing his
aring, Shield and Lance.

After all these, the Princely Virgin-
d He- bride, on whom all Eyes were fasten'd, mea-
nded, fured out her gentle Paces, being led be-
k the tween two Goddeffes, arrayed in verdant
ride- Robes; on which the curious Needle un-
Hand dertook to represent all sorts of various Fi-
obes gures to the Eye: Here there is a Forest,
arts, there a bubbling Brook, divides two Thick-
ded, ets, thorow which Ecchoes fly the single Deer
the before the deep'd mouth'd Hounds that close-
each ly follow: There the affrighted Herd stand
mile. trembling at the Musick, and afraid of every
end- Skadow, gazes to and fro, not knowing
ose where to go, nor where to stay. And in a
a Landskip you may see the Fawns follow their
gth flying Mothers. The others Robes were
for such as represented the Mid-day Sky full of
did black Clouds, through which the glorious
m- Beams of the victorious Sun appears, and
ol- seems as 'twere to scatter, and at length to
at shed his brighter Glory on a fruitful Plot of
ne noison Weeds, from whence you might per-
re ceive a thousand painful Bees with Chymick
s, Skill, extract their sweet Provisions, and with
d laden Thighs bear thence their waxen Bur-
e thens. On this wise, the Princely Bride was
y led between these two: The first of which
e was fair *Diana*, she that on *Aëdon's* Brows
n revenged her naked Chastity: The other
- was *Minerva*, she to whom *Jove's* pregnant
Brain

Brain was Mother, through *Vulcan's* Help, and these did jointly hold upon her Head a golden Coronet, whose Train *Diana's* Virgin-Crew, all crown'd with golden Wreaths, did from the Ground support.

Next after her, upon the Triumph, waited an Order by *Diana* newly made, and styled, *The Order of the Maiden-head*, in White, with Spots of Red wrought here and there? And every Spot appeared as a Stain of Lovers Blood, flain by their unkind Hearts, rank'd three and three; and on each Head a Crown of unblown Primroses, and blooming Roses.

Next, the chief Beauties of the *Arcadian* Court marched two and two; whose Lustre was set forth by all the unlimited and studied Skill which those that eye for Glory could impart to such Solemnities, where every one strove to excel each other.

Thus came they to the Temple, where there waited the sacred Priests, whose Voices recommended the Day's Success to Heaven, and divided a Blessing 'twixt the Bridegroom and the Bride. Which being done, and low Obedience made, the first (whilst all the rest kept Silence) thus pronounced their Welcome:

Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts; draw near, insported Lovers; neither be afraid to touch the holy Ground. Pass on secure; our Gates stand open to such Guests as you: Our gracious Goddess grants

grant you your Desires, and these holy Fires
 propitiously accepts, which we have offer'd in
 your Names; and takes a Pleasure to smell
 the sweet Perfumes of your ascending Incense.
 So having said, they bow'd low to the Ground,
 and having blest themselves, they straight-
 way singled from the Company the noble
 Bridegroom and his Princely Bride, saying,
*Be thou our Guide, O gracious Goddess, as we
 are thine.* And as those Words were ended,
 their well-tun'd Voices sweetly bore a Part
 with Musick from the Altar; and as they
 past, they warbled out this Song:

*Thus in Pomp and Priestly Pride,
 To Juno's Altar do we go;
 To Juno's Altar thus we show
 The Bridegroom and his lovely Bride.
 Let Juno her best Blessings send ye,
 And with Bliss and Joy attend ye.
 May this happy Pair ne'er want
 True Joys, nor ever beg in vain;
 But what they pray for, still obtain
 Whate'er they wish, may Juno grant.
 Let Juno her best Blessings send ye,
 And with bliss and Joy attend ye.
 From cold Indifference, and from Strife,
 From fatal Jealousies and Fears,
 And all that may occasion Tears,
 Juno protected your Marriage-life.
 Let Juno her best Blessings send ye,
 And with Bliss and Joy attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymen's happy, happy Bands
 We commend this lovely Pair,
 That as their Hearts fast linked are,
 He wou'd please to join their Hands.
 Let' em both choice Blessings send ye,
 And with Bliss and Joy attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol done, but bowing to the Ground, they straight presented this Princely Pair before the Sacred Altar. Unto which, they brought two Milk-white Turtles, and with Prayers address'd themselves to *Juno*, that she would vouchsafe to make their Pleasures endless. With that, a horrid Crack of dreadful Thunder surpriz'd each trembling Heart; the Rafter of the holy Temple shook, as if the dismal Book of *Archimago* (that cursed Legion) had been newly read. The Ground a horrid trembling did possess, and a deep and universal Silence fill'd all the spacious Temple; all was whist and still; when from the clouded Altar brake the Sound of the heavenly Musick, such as was enough to overcome with Death or Ravishment the strongest Earth-bred Ear, had not the Goddess supported it to bear so strong a Rapture. And as the Musick ended, the Mist and Darkness did ascend from whence it came. The Altar did appear, and where the Turtles were, the Ashes lay. Near which, great *Hymen* stood not seen before.

His
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His Purple Mantle was embroider'd over with Crowns of Thorns; amongst which you might see some here and there, but very few of Gold. Upon each little Space that did divide the several Crowns, was ty'd a Gordian Knot. And turning to the Priest, he thus begun:

What mean these Fumes? Say, Priest, what great Request hath any mortal Man to make to us? What Suit does now attends us, that they thus salute our Nostrils with such accepted Incense? Tell us wherein they implore the Favours of the pleas'd Gods? For, by the eternal Throne and Majesty of Heaven, it shall be granted.

Whereto, with bended Knees, they thus reply'd, *Great Hymen know, This noble Bridegroom, and this Princely Bride, whom we most humbly here present before great Juno's Altar, do intreat your Favour, That with your Nuptial Bands their promis'd Hands and Hearts might now be try'd.* With that he straight descends the holy Stairs, and with his widened Arms he thus divides an equal Blessing betwixt both:

*HAVING call'd us to your Aid,
Noble Youth and lovely Maid,
Heaven hath granted your Desires,
And accepts your pleasing Fires,
Consecrating this blest Hour
By our sacred mystick Pow'r*

Unto Juno's Name, that she
 Wou'd to you both propitious be.
 And with this holy Oyl you see
 Your Temples shall anointed be,
 And with sacred Nuptial Bands,
 Thus we join our Hearts and Hands;
 Be join'd for ever firm and true,
 Nor none presume this Knot t'undo,
 Till Death's cold Hand your Hearts shall se.
 Let your Hearts be joyn'd for ever: [ver,
 Let direful Curses multiply
 On those that shall this Knot untye.

So said, he blest them both in Juno's Name,
 and in a Flame straight vanish'd from their
 Sight. On which they rose, and once more
 with their Incense they made the Altars
 smoke. And having prostituted thrice their
 bending Bodies on the holy Ground, they
 kiss'd the sacred Altar, and departed in the
 same Order that they first came thither;
 whilst now the louder Trumps of Fame,
 with a full Blast sends forth a shrill Retreat,
 and reconducts them to the noble Hall,
 whose richly furnish'd Table would almost
 invite a Bed-rid Stomach; and make the
 wasteful Glutton, that devours his unearn'd
 Diet with his daily Sweat, behold his Hea-
 ven in a more ample Measure than he had
 Hopes to purchase. Such were the stately
 Viands of this Feast, that 'twould be no Hy-
 perboly to term it *Paradise*, where all Va-
 rieties

rieties did freely offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.

And now, as soon as he that was the Orderer of the Feast had plac'd each Guest



according to his Rank, and given unto all their proper Seats, a soft and divine harmonious Rapture, on a sudden fill'd all Ears with Wonder and Delight. Forthwith with joyn'd Hands, and Faces smiling, and Habits more unequal than their Paces, a jolly Pain drew very near the Table; the one in green, whose pamper'd Body had out-grown his Seam-ripp'd Garments, all embroider'd over with spreading Vines, whose fruitful Leaves cover'd their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting Eyes star'd in his Head; his Dropsy swell'd Thighs quagg'd as he went;

his pimple-swell'd Nose was richly furnish'd with choice Carbuncles; and round his Brows was curiously entwin'd full-laden Branches ravish'd from the Vine. The other was a Lady, whom the Sun had gaz'd upon too much with his bright Rays; the Colour of her filken Mantle was 'twixt Green and Yellow, like the Grass that fades; on which were wrought enclos'd Fields of Corn, all reap'd, some in the Sheaf, and some unbound; her Countenance well-favour'd was, and plump, her golden Tresses dangling to the Ground; her Temples bound with full ripe Ears of Wheat, wreath'd like a Garland; down from her swarthy Brows the Sweat did fall, and in her Sun-burnt Hand she bare a Syckle. Thus usher'd with a Bagpipe to the Table: They both stood mute at first; for jolly *Bacchus* was unable yet to challenge from his breathless Tongue a Word, till smiling *Ceres* thus began her Song:

Ceres. *Welcome fairest Virgin-Bride,*
You're thrice welcome to our Feast.
'Tis what Ceres did provide
For so sweet, so fair a Guest,
Bacch. *'Tis what Bacchus did provide*
For so sweet, so fair a Guest:
Welcome, fairest Virgin-Bride,
You're thrice welcome to our Feast.
 Chor.

Chor. *Our united Bounties do
Make Mars forsake his rugged Hew,
And Venus smile upon us too.*

Ceres. *Noble Bridegroom, welcome hither,
May unthought of Bliss attend ye;
Welcome freely both together,
To what Ceres Bounty sends ye;*

Bacch. *Welcome freely both together,
To what Bacchus Bounty sends ye;
Noble Bridegroom, welcome hither,
May unthought of Bliss attend ye.*

Chor. *Our united Bounties do
Make Mars forsake his rugged Hew,
And Venus smile upon us too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning Hand in Hand, both bow'd and vanish'd, none knew how, nor whither. To make a full Relation of each quaint Device that were to their unwearied Eyes presented, the Nature of their Mirth, what their Discourse was; the Dainties of the first and second Course. The secret Glances of the Bridegroom's Eye on his fair Bride, why, and how oft she blush'd, wou'd be to do the Bridegroom a Diskindness, who counts each Hour a Summer's Day till Night. Let it suffice, that what Delight and Glory, what State, or whatsoe'er cou'd please the Appetite, the Eye, the Ear, the Fancy; in a Word, what Joy so short a Season cou'd allow to well-prepared Hearts, was here express'd

at this Illustrious and Princely Nuptial.

The Board at last being voided, and the Sewer having resign'd his Office, the Linen gone, and all the Rites perform'd, that do belong to festival Delights, the light-foot *Hermes* enters into th' Hall, and, holding forth his Caduce, does adjure them to a strict Silence; tells them 'tis his Business to let them know the Gods design a Mask to grace these Nuptials: And with that, he spread his Air-dividing Pinions, and mounted to Heaven's Olympick Hall.

The Mask of the Gods.

When Silence thus had charm'd each Ear with Wonder and Attention, a sweetly warbling Noise of winged Choristers was heard in every Corner, chanting forth those Philomelian Airs which Nature taught 'em. So that the Hall seem'd metamorphos'd to a shady Grove, wherein by turns th' ambitious Choir strove to excel themselves. And whilst their Ears delightfully were feeding upon these Strains, the Goddess of the Night enters the Scene, dress'd in a Coal-black Mantle, lin'd quite through with Sable Furs. Her Tresses were like a Ebony, on which a pearly Dew hung like Spider's Web. Her Face was of Complexion swarth, having underneath a Cloud of black curl'd Cypress, wearing on her Head a Crown of burnish'd Gold, beshaded o'er with Fogs and dreiry Mists; her Hand bearing a Scepter, and

and a Sable Hemisphere. She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and with a melancholy Smile, thus utter'd what she had to say:

Drive on, drive on, dull Waggoner, use thy neglected Whip, and slip thy looser Reins; thy pamper'd Steeds are pursu'd, drive away, and let the Day into the lower World, who long to see it. Darknefs befits us best, for these Delights will relish far more sweetly in the Night. Approach, ye blessed Shades, there, and befriend our nightly Sports; approach, make no Delay; it is your Queen, your Sovereign Queen, that calls you.

With that a sudden Darknefs fill'd the Hall; the Light was banished, and all the Widows so nearly clos'd their Eye-lids, that Day cou'd not get in, nor Darknefs out. Thus, while the Death-resembling Shades of Night had drawn their misty Curtains betwixt the Light and every darkned Eye, which cou'd see nothing now but that which Darknefs cou'd not hide, the jealous God, fearing he knows not whom, enters the Hall, and with his Club-foot groping in the Shades of Night, he mutter'd forth these Words:

Vulcan's Speech.

Where has this wanton Harlot hid herself? Is Light so odious to her? Or, is Home become so homely in her wandring Eyes, that she must still be rambling up and down, unknown to me? Can nothing be concluded, nothing done, but

Venus must be intermeddling in it? Is't not enough, that Phœbus does approve her Lust, but must Night's Goddess be her Baud? Dark-ness be gone, thou Patroness of Lust. If fair Means will not rid thee, fouler shall. Away, my Power shall out-charm thy Charms; within her Lover's Arms I'll find her panting. Enter you Lamplights of Terrestrial Fire, and see how well your golden Heads can counterfeit a Day; and on the Night revenge the Wrongs of Phœbus.

This said, the darkned Hall was compass'd round with lighted Tapers, shewing every Object; and every Eye was fill'd with Pleasure to the Object it be held. As these diverting Changes gave to all a fresh Delight, came *Morpheus* in, but with a Pace so dreaming, that none cou'd say he mov'd, he mov'd so slowly; his folded Arms knit cross his Breast a lazy Sluggard's Knot; his nodding Chin hitting against his Bosom as he past; and oftentimes his Eyes were closed up. He wore a Crown of Poppy on his Head, and in his Hand he bare a leaden Mace. He yawn'd thrice; and after he had done Homage to Night's black Sovereign, he thus began:

The Speech of Morpheus.

Great Empress of the World, to whom I owe, by a perpetual Vow, my Self and Service. Before the Footstool of whose dreadful Throne, the haughty Princes of this lower World lay down their Crowns and Scepters; whose victo-

rious

rious Hand in twelve Hours does both command and conquer this Globe of Earth: Your Servant, whose Dependance quickens his Power to give Attendance, comes upon the earthly Shadows, and to seize, when you shall please to appoint, upon these wearied Mortals. Till then, your humble Servant is at hand to put your just Command in Execution.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus reply'd:

The Speech of the Goddess of the Night.

Morpheus, Our Pleasure is, to set apart this Night to Mirth and Time-beguiling Sports, which do require your welcome Absence; for whilst our Ears shall count the flying Hours, there is no room for you, because this Night, our Mirth admits no Slumber.

The Words scarce ended, but the Paphian Queen descended from an unseen Seat above, leading her winged Son in her fair Hand, and, like a full-mouth'd Trumpet, thus began:

The Speech of Venus to Morpheus.

Disloyal Sycophant, and base-born Brother to the bane of Mortals, the cursed Spawn of an accursed Mother, that with thy base Impostures riftest Man of half his Days, or half the Time that Nature lent his Life and that doest, with his Wiles, hug him to Death, and with thy Smiles betrayest him: What makes thou here, thus to usurp my Right, perfidious Caitiff! Know, that Night's my Day. Go

to the frozen North where Man's Desire is made of Ice, and yet is never the warmer, tho' it melts before the Fire. Go, visit Fools, or flegmatick old Age, whose Spirits cool as quickly as their Breath. Go, what have we to do, dull Morpheus, with thy Mace, or thee as leaden as the Mace. Thou'rt made for nought, but to still Children, or to ease the Thoughts of brain-sick Franticks, or to flatter poor slumbering Souls with Joy, which when awake, find nothing like it. Go succour those that fool away their Wits upon their dear-bought Pennyworths of Ale; or marrow'd Eunuchs whose adust Desire, to slack the Fury of their vain false Fires, want Means. O that I were a Basilisk, that I might dart my Venom or thee, or die in the Attempt! Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Shaft drawn to the Head, discharge it at his Heart: Let fly Death's Arrow, or if thou hast none, there, in Death's Name, make thine own Dart as fatal. For, in the same Degree we both are wronged; shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me

With that the little angry God straight bended his steeled Bow, and in Death's Name did send his winged Messenger, whose faithful Speed dispatched his useful Errand, and stuck fast within his pierced Liver, and in his wounded Side hid all his Feathers. Morph ~~us~~ fell down as dead, and on the Ground lay for a while, as in a swooning

Fit

Fit, gasping for Breath ; and Lovers (they say) have evermore been wanton, since that time.) *Venus* was pleas'd ; the Goddess of the Night, in Anger, would resign her Right of Government, and in a Spleen throw down her Hemisphere, her Crown and Scepter ; and with a dusky Fog she did besmear the Face of *Venus*, foil'd her golden Hair with her black Shades ; and, in foul Terms reviled both her, her Cuckold-mate, and Bastard-boy. Whereat the God of War, being much displeas'd, forsook both Seat and Patience, and descended ; and to the World, he proffer'd, with his Blood, to justify fair *Venus* and her Honour. To whom poor *Vulcan* (in a puffing Rage, to hear his well-known Fortune told so plainly) scrap'd many a Thank ; and bending on his Knees, profess'd true Love to such true Friends as he. And ever since, Experience does inform us, Cuckolds are kind to such as make 'em so.

By this, God *Morpheus* from his Swoon awaking, began to groan, and from his aking Wounds drew forth the buried Shaft ; but *Mars* (to make that good which he had said before) drew forth his furious Brand-Iron, and let fly a Blow at *Morpheus's* Head, which had almost clove him in twain, had not the Queen o'th' Night hurl'd haizy Mists before his darkned Eyes, so that the Sword, by being falsely guided, struck *Vulcan's* Foot, which ever since was Lame. At last the
Gods

Gods came down, and thought it best to nip the Quarrel in the Bud: Who fearing Up-
 roars, with a friendly Cup of *Nepenthe* ended all the Feud. And for the Offence committed, did this Sentence in the offended *Juno's* Name proclaim: *Morpheus is banished for this Night from hence, and not to approach before the Morning-light. And from all Marriage feasts, as an unfitting Guest, Mars is exiled for ever. Cupid to rove and rome is doom'd, and both his Eyes put out. Venus unto perpetual Night is censur'd, and not (unless by Stealth) to see the Light. But pleasing Folly all her Joys are judged, performed with Madnefs, dogged with Melancholy.*

And here the Musick their Paces did invite to measure Time; and by Exchange of Places, to lead the curious Eyes of the Beholders as willing Captives to Variety. Thus, with the sweet Vicissitudes of Mirth, they spent their time, as if all things had studied in such manner to please their Fancies. Art could do no more. And so away they vanished.

But *Ceres* now comes once more to invite her noble Guests to her repeated Bounties; and frolick *Bacchus* also, to refresh them with a full Hand, presents his swilling Bowls. Wine came unwish'd, like Water from a Spring, and Delicates were mingled with Discourse. What art cou'd do to express a
 hearty

hearty Welcome, was liberally presented at that Feast.

Which was no sooner ended, but appears One deeply struck in Years, an old gray Pilgrim; his Garments tatter'd, in his wrinkled Hand he held an Hour-glass almost quite run out; beneath his Arm there hung a leathern Knap sack, stuf't full of Writings in an unknown Tongue, Chronologies, and Almanacks out-dated, and Patents that had long surviv'd their Wax. Unto his Shoulders Eagle's Wings were joyn'd: His Head ill thatch'd before, but behind bald; and leaning on his crooked Scythe, he made a little Pause, and after that spake thus:

*Mortals all, my Glass is run,
And 'tis time, for Day is done:
Shadows have chac'd hence the Light,
My Glass is now turn'd up for Night.
The Queen of Darkneß bids me say,
Mirth is far more fit for Day.
These Joys that on the Day attend,
Must with the Day receive an End.
But think not that the sable Night
Will be a Bar to Love's Delight.
No, Darkneß will to Love be kind,
And Lovers new Delights will find:
For when Darkneß most benights ye,
She have Joys that shall delight ye.*

Aged

*Aged Time will soon make known,
 Night hath Dainties of her own ;
 Therefore, all away, away ;
 Too long you've lengthen'd out the Day.
 For this time adjourn your Feast,
 'Tis time the Bridegroom were at Rest :
 And if the Joys of Night don't please ye,
 Day will soon appear and ease ye.*

With that, a sweet Vermillion Tincture stain'd the Bride's fair Cheeks; which still the more she strove to hide, the more her Blushes did appear. She blush'd, but knew not why, and, like the Moon, upon her going down, appear'd most red.

But see! The smiling Ladies do begin to joyn their whispering Heads, as tho' there were a secret Plot of Treason, till at length they privately had stole away the unwilling willing Bride. Their busy Hands unrob'd her soon, and then the timorous Virgin to her Bed, her Nuptial-Bed convey'd.

By this, the Nobles having recommended their Tongues to Silence, ended their Discourse; and looking round, as thinking to have done their Service to the Bride, the Bride was gone. And now the Bridegroom, unto whom Delay seem'd worse than Death, could be prevailed upon to stay no longer; therefore attended by his noble Guests, enters the Bridal-chamber, and found the interchangeable Indentures of dearest Love,

lay

lay ready seal'd with mutual Pleasures, yet
to both unknown.

His Garments grew too tedious, and their
Weight (not able to be born) did over-
lade his heavy Shoulders, *Atlas* never stoop'd
beneath a greater Burden. No Help was
wanting that might give him Ease; for he
receiv'd what sudden Aid he cou'd expect
from speedy Hands, unless, by too much
haste he happen'd to be hinder'd. Mean time
a dainty curious warbling Breast, one not
more strong than sweet, presents him with
Epithal'mion Song:

*Brave Argalus, march briskly on;
The Field is easy to be won:
There is no Danger in that War,
Where mutual Lips the Weapons are.*

Here's no Cold to chill thee,

A downy Bed's thy Field:

No Weapon's here to kill thee,

Unless thou please to yield.

Nothing's here that will incumber,

Here will be no Stars to number.

These be Wars of Cupid's making

Giving Joys, and Joys still taking,

Till the early breaking Day,

Bids your Forces call away,

These be Wars that make no Spoil;

Here of Wounds, there's none complain,

Tho' the Soldier gets a Foil,

Yet he'll rouse and fight again.

These

*These be Wars that never cease,
 But still end in mutual Peace.
 Let happy and propitious Stars,
 Still succeed these pleasant Wars;
 And when three times three Months are run,
 Be Father of a hopeful Son:
 That may from thee all Good derive,
 And unto Ages hence survive:
 Making the Splendour of his Fame,
 Perpetuate Argalus's Name,
 Raising to thee a Pyramid of Glory,
 When Fame shall want a Trump to sound thy
 Story.*

Have you not beheld, in a fair Summer's Even-
 ing, Heav'n's golden-headed Charioteer, with
 what a Speed his prouder Reins push on his
 panting Horses to their Journey's End? How
 red he looks; with what a swift Career he
 to the lower Hemisphere does hurry 'em,
 and, in a Moment shoots his golden Head up-
 on the Sea-green Bed of blushing *Thetis*. E-
 ven so the Bridegroom (whose Desire had
 Wings more swift than Time) switch'd on
 with Pleasure, sprung into his Nuptial-bed:
 And look how fast the stooping Faulcon clips,
 and With what Speed her Talons seize upon
 the timorous Prey. Even so (impatient of
 Delay) his Arms, his circling Arms em-
 brac'd his blushing Bride; while by his Side
 (poor Soul) she trembling lay.

The

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his Guests: What Mirth of late was pleasing, troubles now his tired Patience. Too much Sweet offends. In *Cupid's School* it is a well-known Maxim, *To be sometimes forsaken of our Friends, is the best Fruits of Friendship.* And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd, they left the Bride and Bridegroom incircled in each others Arms, to take their best Repose.

And here 'tis fit I draw the Curtain too, for 'tis unfit for any one to see what Lovers do in private: And therefore Reader, let not now thy Thoughts grow too luxuriant, but cast a Veil upon thy Understanding. Think not on what thou think'st; nor understand that which thy Thoughts wou'd fain inculcate to thee. Sow not thy fruitful Heart with Seeds so poor: Or if perchance (unseen) like Weeds they spring, use them like Weeds, thou canst not well get rid of, slight 'em, and have no Countenance for 'em. And take one Caution more, When Morning Light shall bring into thy Sight the bashful Bride, be not too cruel, nor with wanton Eyes disturb and wrong her conscious Modesty: And if she blush, examine not for what, nay, if thou seest it, do not seem to do so.

And shall our Story be here discontinued, or want a Period till another Year? Shall we befriend those Lovers for a Night, and
in

The Renowned History of
 in their new Delights thus leave them buried? No, it shall never be said, That in the Marriage-bed their Joys shall end. Fond and adulterate surely is that Love, which does upon such fleet unstable Grounds, found all its Happiness; that, like a sudden Blaze, can never last, but as the Pleasures waxes cold, decays.

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the Light's as welcome to him as the Night has been. His Eyes upon his lovely Bride are fix'd; whilst she lies slumbering by his Side. She sleeps, he views her; thrice his Mind was bent to call *Parthenia*, and did thrice repent it: Sometimes his Lips wou'd greet, with a stolen Kiss her guiltless Lips: For stolen Goods are sweet; the Proverb says. At length she wakes, and then in his warm Bosom she hides her blushing Cheeks, and there she finds a Sanctuary; whereunto should fly the Guilt of her protected Modesty.

The End of the Third Part.

THE

T H E

HISTORY

O F

Argalus and Parthenia.

The Fourth Book.

C H A P. I.

Argalus and Parthenia leave the Castle of Kalander, and got to heir own Home at the Palace of Delight, intreating Kalander's Company along with them, which he grants; the Palace of Delight described. Kalander returns to his own House. The sweet Content that Argalus and Parthenia enjoy'd together.

W H E N thrice three Suns had almost now worn out the rare Solemnities that did adorn these Princely Nuptials, and the Trump of Fame was now grown hoarse in the *Arcadian* Court; the Bridegroom, whose Endeavours always aim'd to practice what might please his fairest Bride, resolv'd to leave *Kalander's* House, and make *Parthenia* sole Commandress of her own. Long was it e'er *Kalander's* liberal Ear cou'd be unlock'd; it had no Power to hear the Word *Farewel*. Still *Argalus* intreated, and fram'd Excuses; which still *Kalander* was unwilling to agree and hearken to. But as stout *Alcides* did cut off one rising Head, another would appear; just so, whilst his ingenuous Love did answer his Arguments for

going home, he still found out another. *Kalander* thus at last being overcome with Words, which *Importunity* had taught inexorable *Argalus*, was forc'd to yield what he so long in vain gain'd.

'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go; but yet *Kalander* must not leave them thus: There is no parting till her aged Uncle has warm'd his Fingers by *Parthenia's* Fire. *Parthenia* sues, nor shall *Kalander* rest till he has promis'd to be *Parthenia's* Guest.

To Morrow next, when *Titan's* early Ray had of a fairer Day an Earnest given, and with his trembling Beams had newly rouz'd their poor Eyes from Rest, they left *Kalander's* Castle, and that Night they at the *Palace of Delight* arriv'd, (for so that noble Place was call'd) where *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* dwelt. It was a good Seat indeed; and



tho' 'twas large enough to entertain a potent Prince with all his Retinue, yet was't not so capacious as 'twas near. It seem'd a Center to a Park well

well stor'd with Deer, whose well thriv'n Bounty did afford both Profit and Delight. Nay, there was nothing that the Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not. The impatient Faulk'ner here may learn to say forgotten Prayers, and every Day may bless him. The patient Angler here, altho' he swear, there are such Plenty, he must yet catch Fish. The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on, until his Powder's done, and ne'er want Sport. And to conclude, there's none could stint or measure the young Man's Pleasure, or the old Man's Profit.

Thither this Night is gone the Nuptial Troop; and now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own. But wou'd you hear what Entertainment there was given to *Kalander* and the rest? 'Tis easier to conceive than to express it. And my poor Quill wou'd wast the unthriving Stock of my bespoken Time, if I should go about it. But that which most did season and embellish, and gave the truest Relish to their Pleasures, was to behold with what a sweet conjugal Harmony all things were carried between our *Argalus* and *Parthenia*? Every Word they spake still added some new Acquisition to their Love. So one they were, that none could tell which of 'em rul'd, or whether did obey; and yet so evenly were all things poiz'd, that she, in thus obeying, rul'd as well as he. That which pleas'd him, wou'd always please her too, because she knew that he was pleased with it. A happy Pair indeed, whose double Life was such, it made a single Life appear as nothing.

Almost a Month was pass'd, since they were blessed at their own House with old *Kalander's* Company, but now his own domestical Occasions requir'd his Presence at his Home again; which he, to please them, had dispenc'd withal too long already:

ready: Therefore they now, tho' equally with heavenly Hearts, take Leave, and back again to his own House departed. But noble *Argalus*, who never yet was more himself, nor more *Parthenia's* neither, than when they were alone together, was so well pleas'd with being with *Parthenia*, as she with *Argalus*, that they had nothing more to desire or hope for: For if they were together, there needed not the Help of any other t'increase the Joys of their retir'd Content. Sometimes the curious Garden wou'd invite their gentle Paces to survey its walk: Sometimes the well stor'd Park wou'd change their Pleasure, and with their light-footed Inhabitants wou'd entertain 'em. Where the unmolested Herd seem'd to stand at fair *Parthenia's* Hand to crave a Death. Sometimes her Steps would climb the ambitious Tower, and there discover from its aspiring Top, a little Commonwealth of Land, which none durst challenge for his own but *Argalus*. Sometimes for Change of Pleasure, he wou'd read select Stories, whilst her Ears wou'd feed upon his Lips, and now and then (like a Parenthesis) a Kiss wou'd interpose, inclos'd between their semi-cirled Arms. O what dull Spirit cou'd be indispos'd to read such Lines! And whilst upon this Book his Eyes were fix'd, she'd cast her pleas'd Eyes upon the dearer Reader, in whose Eye she cou'd discern a far more pleasing Story.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Argalus receives a Letter from King Basilus, commanding him to repair forthwith to the Arcadian Court; who accordingly prepares himself for his Journey. Parthenia's extraordinary Trouble and Grief at his Departure.

UPON a Day, as *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* (who in each other's Company, had plac'd the full Complection of their Happiness) were sitting both together all alone, he entertain'd her with the diverting Story of the renowned *Aëts* and fam'd Adventures of the once Great *Alcides*; where suddenly there enter'd a Messenger, whose Countenance bewray'd a haste too serious to admit Delay; who lowly bowing unto *Argalus*, presents him with a Letter, which had brought its sealed Errand from the *Arcadian King*; whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside: And as she look'd upon the Messenger, she found a secret Trouble in her Breast, but knew no Reason why. Her Colour came and went; she fear'd, and yet she knew not what to fear. Her jealous Heart knew not how to fear an Evil, because she fear'd to know. And as he read these Lines her Eye was fix'd upon his Eye, which seem'd to her to strive between a thousand thwarting Passions. Once he cast his Eyes on hers, and finding hers so stedfastly fix'd upon his, he blush'd, and she blush'd with him. The Letter being read (and having kiss'd *Basilus's* Name) he speedily dispatch'd the Messenger, with Promise to obey without Delay *Basilus's* just Commands. That done, he took *Parthenia* by the Hand, (who trembled e'er she understood the News) and to her greedy Eye he strait presents *Basilus's* Letter. *Par-*

thenia with a fearful Sallow took it ; and turning pale as Death, she read these Lines ;

Basilus Rex,

WHereas the famous and victorious Name of great Amphialus is lately grown so formidable, that the loud Trump of Fame breathes nothing but his Conquest and Renown ; whose lawless Actions Fortune seems to smile on a Crown, in spite of Justice, with the Merit of a Victory, respecting more the Greatness of his Spirit than the Justice of his Cause, to the Dishonour of true Vertue, and of all her Votaries. And furthermore, whereas his Power is bent against the Welfare of our Crown and State, with strong Rebellion, to the high Advancement of his disloyal Glory, and the inhabiting his perfidious Name, the great Increase of Faction, and the Disturbance of our high Tranquility. And whereas likewise his prevailing Hand, which hitherto has been too hard for all our Opposition, and has not yet been equall'd, much less overcome, but with loud Triumph daily bears away the Spoils of our just Honour to the Fame of his rebellious Glory. We therefore, in our Princely Care, well weighing and examining the Premises, and much relying on your well known Courage, have selected you to stand our Champion-Royal, to restore our wasted Honour with your Sword and Lance, in equal Duel. Thus you shall raise the glorious Pitch of your renowned Name, with the brave Purchase of eternal Glory. Our dying Honour to you shall revive, and live the all-conquering Champion of the Age. Your Acts shall ever be display'd abroad, whilst Fame shall have a Trump to sound them forth. And lastly, hereby you shall tie Basilus to be your constant and perpetual Friend.

To our right Trusty, and
Noble Kinsman, ARGALUS.

But

But as *Parthenia* read, her Tears did trickle down upon the Lines, as if they meant thereby to wash away that most unwelcome Message; at length she to her Husband thus exprest her Grief:

Ah me! my *Argalus*, was't this you made such hast to answer? Did that Answer need to be so hastily returned back? Can you, O can you be so quickly won to leave your poor *Parthenia's* Company?

To whom resolved *Argalus*, (whose Eye was fixt upon his Honour) made this Answer: My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain the unsumm'd Wealth of *Pluto*, or to get the Sovereignty o'th' Earth, without Expence of Blood or Sweat, or the least View of Danger, my Ambition wou'd scorn the easy Conquest of so great a Prize; if purchas'd by thy Discontent, or by the poorest Tear that from thine Eyes can trickle. But to recal my Promise, or forsake that Resolution Honour call'd me to, and bid me make, in this behalf, or to betray that Trust reposed in me, the Gods would be unjust, and not themselves, if they should but command me such a thing, or urge me with an over-swaying Hand. Then let no false Suggestion, my dear *Parthenia*, abuse thy Passion, or once presume to question my dearest Love, tho' Honour bids us part. For of my Heart there's nothing that can rob thee. Honour that calls me with her loud Alarms, will to thy Arms with Triumph bring me back.

This having said, the sad *Parthenia* forbore to make Reply. Grievs that are small, can speak, when great ones find no Vent. But tender-hearted *Argalus*, to whom her Silence did so loudly speak, forsook the Room, and with a Breast as full of pensive Care as Honour, gave Directions to get his

warlike Steed, and all the rest of his Habilliments of War made ready.

And here, O thou, thou great Supream Protector of valiant Spirits, and Director of lofty Quills, which shall convey to After-times what glorious Souls atchieve, and makes the Actions of Heroick Spirits perpetuate their Merits and their Names: Illustrious *Clio*, aid me, and inspire my Pen to write with equal Ardour unto that which *Argalus* put forth, when he engag'd with his victorious Foe. Help me to raise my Stile, and to attain a Pitch that may the vulgar Strain transcend. Reach me a Quill pluck'd from the Wing of the high flying Eagle, and let my Ink be of a Crimſon Dye, that I may paint out Death in lively Colours; let him that reads, explain each Dash to be a Sword, and every Word a Wound. By this our Royal Champion had put on his Martial Weeds, and going now to take his Leave of poor *Parthenia*, whose cold Fit, like an Ague's being past, now burns as in a Fever. She leaves the lonely Room, and coming forth, she finds her *Argalus* inclos'd about with glittering Walls of Steel; apparell'd round in his bright Arms (whom she had rather found lock'd up in hers) and waning nothing now, but what her Lips cou'd hardly grant without a Sea of Tears, her last Farewel. She to him ran, and weeping, fell upon her Knees: She clasp'd him by the Arm, and looking up thus to lament, began:

My *Argalus*, my Dear *Argalus*! And wilt thou go, and leave *Parthenia* here? Wilt thou forsake me then? And can these Tears not intercede betwixt thy deafned Ears and my sad Suit? Canst thou, O canst thou go, and leave thy poor distressed *Parthenia* thus? *Parthenia* sues, *Parthenia* does implore, *Parthenia* that was ne'er before im-

portunate.

portunate. Remember, O remember, that you are under the Influence of a sacred Vow. Honour must stoop to Vows, for Vows being broke, you cannot do an honourable Act. I have a Right unto you; you are mine; and I will ne'er resign my Interest until Death close thy Eyes: I'll never run the Risque of losing all my Happiness at one poor Throw. No, no, I will not, I will hold thee fast, in spite of Honour, and her nine Days Wonder. Your former Acts sufficient Proof have given; your Valour is already known enough without a further Trial. Then 'twas a time to venture your dear Life, when you had no Life to venture but your own. Excuse me then, that only do endeavour to hold my own; which I must never do, unless I do it now. Mine, mine you are, and your can undertake no Danger, but *Parthenia* must share in't. Shall your *Parthenia* be endanger'd then? I shall be present when Strokes fall the thickest, and feel the Smart of every Blow that falls upon my *Argalus*. 'Tis I, that in your greatest Pain shall suffer. Your Blood shall trickle from *Parthenia*'s Heart. Can Prayers obtain no Place? By this dear Hand, the sacred Pledge of our Conjugal Vow; by Love's most tender and endearing Pleasures: by Heaven, and the Immortal Powers above; or if these Motives no Impression make, yet, by the tender Fruit that in my Womb begins to bud; or if ought else theres is, that's unto the more precious, or more dear, by that forsake me not; but grant me this first Request, and which, for ought you know, may be the last that ever I shall ask thee.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*, wearied, but not o'ercome, made this Reply:

My dear *Parthenia*, Thy Desires have never gain'd my Will till now; then do not now still persevere to crave what I can't grant. Forbear to urge me, for my Resolution so firmly is fix'd, that I can never alter it. Weep not, my Joy, let not those Drops of thine, that trickle from an Eye so fair, forebode a foul Success. Cheer up, a Smile or two before I go would make me half a Conqueror. Shine forth, and let no envious Cloud benight the glorious Lustre of a Light so fair. Doubt not, my Life, the Justness of my Cause that brings me on, will bring me off with Honour. Fear not that such a blessing, such a Wife, was e'er intended for a Life so short. Expect my safe Return in a short time. My Genius tells me I shall be victorious.

C H A P. III.

Argalus got to the Camp; persuades Amphialus to a peaceable Agreement; which he refusing, Argalus sends him a Challenge: Amphialus accepts it. And after an obstinate and bloody Fight, Parthenia too late interposes between 'em.

SO said, as if her Passion had forgot her Mother-Tongue, *Parthenia* spake no more; but, like one struck with a Thunder-bolt, she stood betwixt Amazement, Fear, and Wonder. His Lips took leave, and as his Arms surrounded her feeble Waist, she fell into a Swoon. But *Argalus*, whose Honour lay at Stake, no longer cou'd abide this tender Conflict, but trusts her to the Guard of her own Women, and went into the Camp with winged Hast. When having spent some Days in Parley with *Amphialus*, and try'd to make him yield to just Demands by all persuasive Means, and

and not to stain the Fields with needless Blood; but finding him unapt for peaceful Counsel, being too much elevated with his late got Fame, and scorning to attend to any Terms but what should be decided by the Sword; he ceas'd to advise him any further, and resolv'd to treat him in a rougher Dialect, and thereupon sent him the following Challenge:

Renowned *Amphialus*

IF strong Persuasions, urg'd with Force of Reason, might have been honour'd with your Ear, your Wisdom wou'd, in yielding to so fair a Peace, have merited as ample Glory, as your Sword hath done; you shou'd have conquer'd Souls, where now, at most you can subdue but Bodies, and such perhaps as are incapable to make Resistance. But since all my Endeavours have prov'd fruitless, receive a mortal Challenge from a Hand, whose Justice takes a Glory to oppose so foul a Cause; so hoping to correct your heedless Errors, whilst it honours you. For Satisfaction some-how must be had for all the Wrongs that have by you been done. Prepare your self then, Sir, for the Encounter; nor think not slightly of so weak an Arm, remembering that 'tis Justice strikes the Blow.

Argalus.

No sooner had *Amphialus* receiv'd and read this Challenge, but with noble Speed, his nimble Pen return'd the following Lines:

Much more Renowned *Argalus*,
Your faithful Servant, whose victorious Brow was
never daunted yet; by your brave Courtesy and
real Worth's already overcome, yet doubting not the

Justice of the Cause (that by the sacred Laws of dearest Love is over-ru'd) will give my Sword the Freedom to maintain it to the latest Hour. I shall expect your coming in the Isle, where, with a Heart free from all Gall and Malice, your Servant, with his Dearest Blood, is ready to make good his just Designs. Being assur'd, that if Success attends me, my Victory will yield me treble Honour, if not, there's no Disgrace that can accrue to me, by being overcome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus* (whose Blood boil'd till he was in Action) came into the Isle, all in white Armour, clad, gilt, and dress'd somewhat strangely, with Knots of Woman's Hair, which from his Crest hung dangling down, and with her bounteous Treasure did, in a liberal measure over-spread his Corslet. His curious Furniture was made in Fashion like a flying Eagle, round about beset with Plumes, whose crooked Beak being cast into a costly Jewel, was well fasten'd to the Saddle-bow. Her spreading Train did cover the Crupper, whilst the Trapping did seem to hover like Wings; so curiously contriv'd, that to the fixed Eyes of the Beholders, as the Horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to fly. Upon his Arm, his threatening Arm he wore a Sleeve all curiously embroider'd over with bleeding Hearts, which fair *Parthenia* wrought in those cross times, when Fortune so betray'd their secret Love, and with a frowning Smile dash'd their false Hopes, as Copies of their own. Upon his Shield (for his Device) he set two neighbouring Palms, whose budding Branches met and twin'd together. The obscure Impress thereupon imported, *Thus flourishing like These*. His Horse was of

a fiery Sorrel; His Main, his Feet, were all of black, and down his Back there went a Coal-black List, his Nostrils open wide, breath'd War, before he could discern an Enemy; and up by Turns he lifts his stately Hoofs, as if he scorn'd to touch the Earth; or if his Feet had found out a new Art of Going, and yet not change the Ground.

By this *Amphialus*, who all this time thought Minutes Years, within the Isle was landed; in all Respects provided to treat *Argalus* with all the Entertainment that his Sword and Lance could give him. And at the Trumpet's Sound, the Steeds that needed not a Spur to prick 'em forward, both start, and with smooth running, their Staves declining with unshaken Skill, perform'd their Master's Will with angry Speed; but *Argalus* his well instructed Horse being hot, and full of Courage, fiercely led by his own Pride, prest in his prouder Head; which, when the stout *Amphialus* perceiv'd, well-knowing it unsafe to give his Side, press'd likewise in; so that both Horse and Men shouldring each other with a double Force, fell to the Ground; but by their Martial Skill, and Help of Fortune's Hand that always succours the brave Spirits, shunn'd the Danger of the Fall, and had, to speak the Truth, no kind of Hurt; and therefore straightway rose, and drew their Swords, and now began to do that which their Lances left undone. Have ye beheld a Leaguer, in what manner the deep mouth'd Cannon play upon the Fort, and how Piece-meal it soon batters down the yielding Walls of the besieged Fortress. Even so their Swords, (whose oft-repeated Blows could find no Respite) with redoubled Strength so hew'd their proofless Armours, that at last their failing

Trust began to prove unsound, and piece by piece they dropt upon the Earth; trusting their Bodies to the bare Defence of their unarmed Innocence and Vertue. Such deadly Blows by each of them were given, that *Mars* himself stood ravish'd and affrighted to see the cruel Combat; every Blow acted two Parts, and did both strike and guard at the same Instant. And Incomparable their skilful Quickness was, that none cou'd tell who 'twas that made the Blow, or who defended. Long was it e'er their equal Force and Skill in Fears of Arms cou'd either shew a better or a worse. Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excell'd in not prevailing. Never was there seen more equal Odds; no Wound cou'd shew as yet a Drop of wasted Blood; yet every Blow was full of Death. When skilful Gamesters play, the Gains go chiefly to the Christ-mas-box

At length the Sword of *Argalus*, that never thirsted so long in vain till now, nor for so long a Space made Victory doubtful, fastned a Wound on the disarmed Face of the renowned *Amphialus*, wherein, had not his trusty Shield become a faithful Sharer, his unequal Foe, no doubt in that Blow summ'd up his Victory. With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose Wound added new Quickness to his sprightly Arms, upheav'd his thirsty Brandiron, and let fly a down right Blow as he intended it, but by a Falsity revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping Wound in his right Arm. But *Argalus*, that found a Loss of Blood, play'd not so open, but lay more closely for his Advantage on a lower Guard, expecting by that means a hop'd Revenge, which was not long effecting. For whilst *Amphialus* (whose Heart inflam'd with Hopes of Conquest, his Tyrannick Thoughts, and to himself promisd

mis'd undoubted Victory) heap'd on his Strokes so fast, as if each Blow the last had scorn'd; the watchful *Argalus*, whose nimble Eye dispos'd his time only in Self-defence, in Hopes of an Advantage, put home a Thrust (his right Foot coming in) and pierc'd his Navel, that the Wound had certainly been nothing less than Death, if his good Fortune (that often turns a Mischiefe to Advantage) had but forborn to shew a Miracle. For with that Blow *Amphialus* last made, his Arm had so o'er struck it felt, that with it he fell sideward to the Ground, and so receiv'd that Wound as he was falling; which had he stood, had enter'd in his Bowels; but falling, only graz'd upon his Flank. Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatening Sword bid yield. *Amphialus* not answering (as one whose mighty Spirit did disdain a Life that must be begg'd) and therefore striving the best he could, that he might once again regain his Life and Honour, *Argalus* let drive with all the Might a wounded Arm wou'd let him, upon his Head; but his disabled Arm, too feeble grown to answer his Desires, let fall the Weapon, by which means *Amphialus* (though doz'd withal) got up, but *Argalus* ran in, and grapled with him; so that being clos'd together, they both were clasp'd and griped each in th' unfriendly Arms of either; and grappling thus awhile, they both together fell upon the Ground, and there they both with equal Fortune strove. Sometimes *Amphialus* was upmost, and sometimes *Argalus* was got above him. Both jointly vow'd Revenge, both wallowed in their intermingled Blood, and both fresh bleeding still. Now *Argalus* bids yield, and now *Amphialus*. Both wou'd be Victors, and yet neither yield. At last, by free Consent, they both arose, and

and went unto their Swords: And now the Combat is again renew'd, both laying on as if they had but new begun the Fight. New Wounds assuage the Smarting of the old; and with the cold, their warm Blood now was mingled. But *Argalus*, whose wounded Arm had lost more Blood than all his Body could supply, yet, like a Spendthrift that would still go on, as long as either Stock or Friends wou'd last, bled more than his spent Fountains could make good; for though his vital Spirits gave him Courage, yet they no longer could with Blood supply him.

Thus when two wealthy Clients go to Law, their learned Counsel can on either side uphold the Cause alike, and each the Matter colour over, so, that they shall both still think themselves i'th' right, whilst they still find the golden Tide to flow, that oils their Tongues, that will be hard to say which side shall get the best, or who shall prosper most. But he whose Gold shall first be at an Ebb, and his first Silver Current cease to flow, will find his Cause, though never so just and right, will quickly strike upon the Bar and sink, and can no longer stem the adverse Tide. And then the Counsel soon resolve the Doubt, the knotty Question's ended with the Gold.

Just so it was with our two Combatants, for whilst their Loss of Blood seem'd to be equal, equally good their Cause appear'd to be; equal their Harms, equal their Hopes, their Victory equal too. But when poor *Argalus* his wasting Blood ebb'd in his Veins, altho' it had before in the ungrateful Field made a wide Flood, his Cause, his Strength, but not his Heart must yield. Thus wounded *Argalus*, the more he fail'd the more prevail'd

vail'd the proud *Amphialus*. With that *Amphialus* (whose chiefest End was but to purchase Honour, and not Life) seeing the Advantage that he had obtain'd, and being pleas'd with *Argalus* his Valour, became his Suitor, that himself would please himself to pity, and thereby put an End to the Combat; which noble *Argalus*, that never us'd in Honour to part Stakes, refus'd with Thanks, (like some unlucky Gamesters, who the more they lose, are still less willing to leave off) and filling up his empty Veins with Rage, begins to sum his Forces, and unite his broken Strength; and (like a Lamp that makes the greatest Blaze at going out) he takes his Sword in both his Hands, and at one Blow did almost cleave in two both Armour, Shield, and Arm. At which enrag'd, *Amphialus* forgets all Pity, seeing *Argalus* how weak soever, still refus'd to yield, or to accept the offer he had made him. And therefore summoning up all his Courage, he plies poor *Argalus* with Blows so furious and so fast, upon his mangled Body, that each Wound seem'd like an open Place of Blood that found no Hand to stop it.

C H A P. IV.

Parthenia, in the Conclusion of Argalus his Duel with Amphialus, comes to the Place of Combat, and endeavours to save Argalus, whom Loss of Blood had render'd unable to defend himself any longer. But it was now too late; for after some Discourse between him and Parthenia, he dies.

JUST in this Interim, the doleful Cry of a most beauteous Lady, who had almost run her self to Death, restrain'd (but ah! too late) *Amphialus* his Arm, from doing any further Harm to *Argalus*. This Lady was the fair *Parthenia*, who the Night before had dream'd she saw her Husband in that sad Condition wherein she found him; and her Fear and Love gave her no Rest till they had brought her thither. And seeing *Argalus* in that Condition, the Nature of her Fear did soon expel the Fear of Nature; so that stepping in between their pointed Swords, she prostrate lay before their Blood-bedabbled Feet, and said she knew not what; for as her Lips would strive to speak, she could do nothing else but fetch a Sigh; and Sighs would drive forth the abortive Issue of her Language, which being so untimely born, would perish in the Birth. And if her Sighs would give her leave at any time to utter it, yet then her trickling Tears wou'd strait prevent it. But when the Wind of her loud Sighs had laid the Shower of her Tears, she thus began to give her Sorrow vent: *What do my Eyes behold! O wretched View! O Day of Darkness and eternal Night! And there she stopt. Then fixing of her Eyes upon Amphialus, she thus went on:*

My

My Lord,

'Tis said you Love: Then by that sacred Power of Love, and as you in the Hour of greatest Misery wou'd Mercy find, leave off, and sheath your bloody Sword: Or, if nought else but death can slack your Anger, O let that of mine be a sufficient Offering and Atonement of your appeased Thoughts; or, if for *Argalus* his Blood you thirst, then first take mine: Or, if it is for noble Blood you seek, accept of mine, for mine is noble too, and worth the spilling: For her dear sake your tender Soul affects; awake your noble Mercy. Grant one of my Requests; I care not which; let me die first, or kill us both together.

Amphialus was going to reply; but *Argalus*, whose Heart was almost broke to hear *Parthenia's* Words, did thus prevent him:

Parthenia, ah *Parthenia*! then must I for Tears be bought and sold? Is my Condition so very poor, that I must by Petition obtain my Life? So said, he steps aside, as fearing, lest perhaps the Fury of some chance-misguided Blow might touch *Parthenia*, and with high Disdain he would once more afresh begin the Combat. But now *Amphialus* was charm'd, his Hand had no sufficient Warrant to deny *Parthenia's* Suit, from whose fair Eyes there came, in so belov'd a Name, such precious Tears. His Eyes grew tender, and his Heart did melt, and was overcome, his very Soul did smart, so that he stirr'd not, but at a Distance kept, and putting by some Blows, made no Resistance.

Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o'er the now unequal Combat; his Legs no longer can support him; thinking down to sit, and ease himself, he fell into a Swoon.

With

With that *Parthenia* and *Amphialus*, with haste run to him, and *Amphialus* quickly unloos'd his Helmet, whilst her Hand chat'd his cold Temples, distilling Balm into his Wounds, her hasty Fingers tore her Linnen Sleeves, and Partlet she had on, to wipe away the Blood her Tears were mix'd with. Thus half distracted with her Fears and Grief, these Words she intermingled with her Tears :

Distress'd *Parthenia* ! In what a sad Condition hath Fortune, and the direful Hand of Fate thrown thy perplexed Soul ! Alas ! alas ! how suddenly art thou fell from the Top of all those Joys, and of all that Felicity this World could give thee, and on a sudden made the great Example of all Misery, thy present Torments being worse than Death. How less than nothing art thou, and more than miserable ! And ah ! the suddenness of this dire Change renders my Misery still more miserable ! Ah ! sure thou art not the same *Parthenia* now, that thought'st thy self e'er while so much before all Ladies of the Earth for Happiness ! O no, *Parthenia*, now thou'rt nothing less ! O angry Heaven ! What hath *Parthenia* done, to be thus punish'd, severely plagu'd ! Or, why not plagu'd alone, if I alone was guilty ? Ah me ! What now shall poor *Parthenia* do ! To whom shall she complain, or whither run to find Relief ? Nay, who can give it to her that hopes for Succour only from her Grief ? O Death ! Must we for ever then be parted, and never, never, never meet again ? Or, shall *Parthenia* be so unkind to stay behind, and leave her *Argalus* ? No, no, my dearest *Argalus*, I'll come. Heaven wants no room, and thither will I follow thee. But *Argalus* reviving from his Swoon, thus took his Farewel of *Parthenia*.

My

My dear Parthenia,

Now my Glass is run ; the Tapers tell me that the Play is ended, my Days are summ'd, Death seizes on my Heart, and now, alas ! our time of Parting's come. Yet by my better Hopes, grim Death to *Argalus* does bring no other Sting, no other Grief but this, That I must leave thee thus before my grateful Actions can pay so much as the bare Interest only due to thy wondrous Merits. But since it pleases Him, to whose high Wisdom it is our Duty always to submit ; depend upon his Goodness, and rely upon his Pleasure, whose high Will alone is a sufficient Reason for his Actions ; and trust that one Day we shall meet again, and then shall part no more. Mean while, live happy, my *Parthenia*, and never doubt, but that thy *Argalus* partakes in Heaven of all thy Joys on Earth ; which shall increase, by knowing there that thou art happy here. Love well the dear Remembrance of thy true and faithful *Argalus* ; and let no Thought renew my last Disgrace ; think not the Hand of Providence made me unworthy, tho' unfortunate.

And as he spake that Word, so great a Sigh came from his Heart, as if it had rent in two ; And when a parting Kiss had giv'n him Earnest of approaching Happiness, he snatch'd his Sword into his Hand, and said, *O Death ! Thou art Conqueror ;* and dy'd.

C H A P. V.

Parthenia's Sorrow for the Death of Argalus. His Funeral. Parthenia, under the Disguise of a Knight, challenges Amphialus to a Combat, in which she is kill'd.

Parthenia, upon the Death of *Argalus*, in whom she only liv'd, bow'd down her Head, and fell into a Swoon. Hoping that Death would then have done for her the same kind Office as it did her Husband. But Grief, that like a Lion, loves to play before it kills, gave Death a larger time. Else had *Parthenia* dy'd; since *Argalus*, in whom she only liv'd, was gone before.

But now *Amphialus*, that all this Space stood like an Idol fasten'd to the Earth, where, with a World of Tears, he did lament what his lucky Hands so late had done; well knowing that his Words would only aggravate, but not at all would ease her Misery, he thought it Prudence not to speak to her; but only urg'd the Woman that came with her to have her to the Ferry; where she with her dead *Argalus* embark'd: From whom, till in the Earth he was intomb'd, she would not part a Moment. No sooner was she come to t'other Shore, but all the Funeral Solemnity of Military Discipline did wait upon the Corps, whilst in a melancholy State the Martial Trumpet breathed her doleful Sound, and on the Ground their Ensigns all were trail'd. Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd (upon a Chariot, overlaid and lin'd with Sable, the outward Signs of Grief; more black than they) unto his House, alas! which then might truly be call'd the House of Mourning, hung all with Black, on such a black

black Occasion; no longer now the *Palace of Delight*, he being gone that made it to be so. There let us leave him to receive the Crown for Vertue and deserv'd Renown prepar'd; leave him for ever in the full Possession of endless Peace, and Rest, that ever lasts.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now? Alas! what Oratory can prevail? Or, how can Counsel chuse but blush, to undertake a Task that is so vain? Nay, how can Reason think to move a Heart, whose best Relief consists in yielding unto dire Despair? Or, who can think to stop those Eyes from Weeping, that in their Tears do take so great a Pleasure?

Reader, forbear th' attempting what's in vain; for they that go about to stop her Tears, do only make her Sorrows swell the higher. A Grief that's desperate, still the stronger grows, the more you do endeavour to oppose it. Leave her to Time and Fortune. Let your Eyes into her Miseries no longer look. True Mourners do affect to weep in private; for they most truly grieve, who grieve alone.

But now the warlike Trumpet sounds again, and into a new Combat once more summons *Amphialus*. Tho' *Argalus* be dead, yet there are some alive that for his Life demand a Satisfaction. And therefore now there's a new Tragick Scene that opens, to appease the Blood of *Argalus*, the crying Blood of *Argalus* with Blood.

Know therefore, Courteous Reader, that as soon as stout *Amphialus* had cur'd his Wounds, and had return'd into the Martial Camp, there to maintain the Honour he had got by his last Combat, and to entertain those daring Challengers that should demand, and from his Hand shou'd seek for Satisfaction

faction; An armed Knight came prancing over the Field, denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain. Four Damsels usher'd him, all cloath'd in Black, and four came after, all on mourning Steeds. His curious Armour was so painted o'er with lively Shadows, that you might perceive the Image of a gaping Sepulchre; about the which were scatter'd here and there some dead Men's Bones. His Horse was black as Jet, his Furniture was beset round about with Branches split from the sad Cypress Tree: The Bases was embroider'd o'er with Worms: Upon his Shield he had for his Impress a beauteous Child, whose Body had two Heads, whereof the one appear'd quite dead, the other very sick, for Breath did seem to gasp; and underneath this Motto was subscribed, *From Death, by Death*. Being thus arm'd, he sent his daring Challenge to *Amphialus*, who sent as quick Reply.

Forthwith being summon'd by the Trumpet's Sound, they start; but quickly brave *Amphialus* found that the Knight had mist his Rest (not met as yet) scorning to take Advantage, would not let his Lance descend, nor (bravely passing him) encounter his defenceless Enemy. Whereat the angry Knight not us'd to meet such unsupportable Milhaps, forsook his white mouth'd Steed, throwing aside his Lance, to which too partial Fortune had deny'd a fair Success, drew forth his glittering Sword. Whereat *Amphialus*, who scorn'd to take a Conquest by Advantage, esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd, drew forth his Sword, and for a little Space play'd on each other with an equal Fierceness. But herein did *Amphialus* discern more Bravery than Anger; whilst the other betray'd more Spleen than either Skill or Strength to manage it. So that *Amphialus*, with more than wonted

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Ease, at every Blow batter'd his ill defended Armour, opening a Door for Death to enter in. And now the noble Conqueror began to hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd to take a Life obtain'd so easily. And mov'd with Pity, stepping back, he staid his unresisted Violence, saying, *Sir Knight, contest no more, but take the Peace of your own Passion; let the Combat end, nor seek your causeless Ruin; turn your Arm against those that are really your Enemies; husband your Life before it be too late; fall not by him that ne'er deserv'd your Anger.* To whom the haughty Knight made this Reply: Thou ly'st, false Traytor, and I here disdain both Words and Mercy. Know that I defy thee, and to thy Throat my Sword shall turn the Lie. *Amphialus* at this rude haughty Answer, reply'd, Uncivil Knight, in nothing Valiant, but in Spite and Spleen, and base Discourtesy, thou soon shalt know whether or no thy Tongue betrayst thy Heart: And as he spake he gave him such a Wound, as struck him to the Ground immediately; and with the Fall, his Sword, that now resolv'd to shew no Mercy, ran into his Side. That done, he loos'd his Helmet, with Design to make his over-lavish Tongue repent those base Words he had so basely said; or else resolv'd, he soon would make him shorter by the Head.

Who ever saw the illustrious Eye of Noon send down (new broken from a gloomy Cloud) his Earth rejoycing Glory, and disclose his golden Beams upon the Sons of Day; Ev'n so the Helmet being gone, a costly Treasure of unbraided Hair o'erspread the Shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight, whose new discover'd Face did quickly show the sovereign Beauty of the fair *Parthenia*; for she it was indeed. See how she now smiles upon Death,

as if her blessed Eyes (blest'd in their best Desires) had now discover'd his Face already, for whose sake she dy'd. The Lillies and the Roses that e'er while strove in her Cheeks, till they compounded there, have broke their Truce, and unto Blows are fallen; and see the Lilly hath o'ercome the Rose. Her Alabaſter Neck, that did out-go the Doves in Whiteness, now are stain'd with Blood; as if the Red, being banish'd from her Cheeks, had sought Protection there. So full of Sweetness was her dying Face, that Death had not the Power to destroy her native Beauty.

But now *Amphialus* in whom Grief and Shame for this unlucky Victory did challenge an equal Interest prostrate on the Earth, accus'd his Hour of Birth, his Sword, his Arm, casting his Helmet and his Gauntlet by, to testify his undissembled Tears. But finding her Condition call'd more for Help than Grief, (tho' both too late) crept on his Knees, and begging Pardon of her, offer'd what Help his Hands were capable of giving her. Whereto *Parthenia* (whose Breath now near expiring) gave speedy Signs of that approaching Death which she so much desir'd, turning her fixed Eyes upon *Amphialus*, bespoke him thus: Sir, you have done enough, and I require no more: (If Enemies may ask a Boun-) I crave; and that is, Sir, to be untouch'd by you. And as for Honour, all that I desire, is, not to purchase Honour from your Hand. No, no, 'twas no such Bargain made, that he should e'er help me, that kill'd my Argalus; my Argalus, whom I shall now again enjoy, and with him ever shall abide. And there she fainted, just as if the Clock of Death, before it struck, had given Warning. But soon returning to her self again, *Welcome, sweet Death*, said she, whose pleasant Pain shall crown this Soul with ever-

*lasting Peace. Come, come, and welcome; I attend
thy Leisure. O do me not that Wrong as to delay: My
Argalus will chide, I stay so long. O now it is I feel
the Gordian Knot of Life untied. O Heavens! into
your Hands I recommend my better Part, and hope to
find you much more merciful than just; yet just with-
al. O Death, O Life, I call you both to witness, that
this Breath ne'er drew a Blast of Comfort since the
time that my beloved Argalus went hence. O thou
Eternal Power! Shroud all my Faults beneath the Milk-
white Veil of thy unbounded Mercy. And when my
Tongue shall cease to speak. O then And
as the spoke, O then, the ceas'd from speaking. For
then the fatal Sisters did divide her tender Twine
of Life, and she expir'd.*

So dy'd Parthenia, in whose closed Eyes there
lies a World of Beauty and perfection; which (as
a thing Divine) is lock'd up by Angels from the
View of Mortals. Mean while her Virtues shine
in perfect Bliss, having unto the World bequeath'd
the Story of Earth's Perfection, for the Mouth of
Fame to consecrate to her Immortal Memory.

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